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Darker Phases of The South

By

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Frank Tannenbaum

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED
TO
MY FRIEND AND TEACHER
PROFESSOR WENDELL T. BUSH
OF
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

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CHAPTER I

THE KU KLUX KLAN. ITS SOCIAL ORIGIN IN THE SOUTH

I

THE Ku Klux Klan is a thing of passion.

It has aroused fervent hate and provoked reckless loyalty. There is nothing passive, cool, reflective about it. It is denounced with an intensity that seems unreasonable, and espoused as a symbol of all that is holy and beautiful. There are towns in the South that are split wide upon the issues raised by the Klan, and the difference is one of feeling, not of opinion. Instead of

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confessing disagreement upon the subject under discussion, people indulge in reflections upon the character of their opponents. This is typical of both sides. It is impossible to find a quiet mood when the topic is raised.

People are either for or against it, and vehemently, almost hysterically so.

This intensity of feeling blocks any attempt to get at the root of the matter. Few can objectively answer the question, "Why a Ku Klux Klan?" Yet this question must be answered if one is to understand the movement at all. It will not do to call people cowards and scoundrels. Doing so only reveals a blurred intelligence and contributes to a confusion of issues. There must be a why. There is some root, some need, some lack, some function which the movement satisfies. If there were no roots, there would be no movement. There is little use in implying evil motives to people dedicated to a cause we condemn. This is too easy an explanation. As such, it is subject to the suspicion of being untrue. Sincerity is a common virtue, and

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must not be denied in an analysis of group behavior.

The Ku Klux Klan has a setting. Historical antecedents, passions, prejudices, hates, loves, ennui, the need for constructing a defense mechanism against one's own sins, the attempt to preserve as static what is becoming dynamic, the craving for dramatization and excitement in the face of a dull and monotonous existence—all of these and more constitute the items which determine the social milieu within which the Klan operates. It is futile to attempt to deal with or to understand the Klan without first examining the factors that have played their share in giving this organization its vogue in the community.

The traditions of slavery, the broad scar of the Civil War, the wounded pride and the bitter indignation of the period of reconstruction, tinge the texture of emotional outlets and social behavior in the South. The vestiges of unquestioned dominance have fed the heritage of pride, the passionate self-assertion in the face of criticism, the con-

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viction of superiority, and the ever ready wrath in defense of a social status saturated with the tang of painful righteousness.

The original Ku Klux Klan was a reflex of the vindictiveness of Northern politicians and of the unscrupulous carpet-bagger who swooped down upon the South as a vulture upon a wounded and stricken victim.^{1*} It was a desperate act of self-assertion and self-defense. It was an attempt to rescue for the South the remnants of a civilization that was being subverted by coarse hands and without regard for the feelings of an outraged and unhappy community. All of this has given the Ku Klux Klan a sacred place in the storied traditions of the South. It saved its self-respect, its sense of mastery, its place in the community. It drove the carpet-bagger across the Mason and Dixon's Line and uprooted his evil influence. This helps to explain the present vogue of the Ku Klux Klan. Its use gives dignity to those who avail themselves of it, and weaves about the new organi-

* References are to notes at end of volume.

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zation much of the ardor that historical romance has credited to its precursor in the field.

II

The Ku Klux Klan is, however, more than the embodiment of a tradition. It expresses a deep-rooted social habit—a habit of ready violence in defense of a threatened social status. This resort to the dramatic and exemplary use of force is a common characteristic of social control over a large and alien population. It is in fact the consequence, one might almost say the concomitant, of mastery. It need not necessarily be obnoxiously evident at all times, but it has always been in the background as one of the conditions of slavery. It has implied an ability to assert power at any threatening moment. One has only to remember the Spartans and their Helots, the Romans and their slaves, the Belgians in the Congo, the English in Ireland and India, and our own relations to the Indian to understand how natural, how in-

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evitable, is the manifestation of violence in the South. This, of course, is neither a condemnation nor a justification. It is, however, an explanation. It explains the presence of the ready hands the Ku Klux Klan finds for its work; they are there because the exercise of self-assertive mastery is there. But violence is a habit, and habits slowly acquired in response to a social need tend to persist after the causes which gave rise to them have passed away. In the South, however, these influences are still present. There is, in fact, strong evidence that they have been augmented, and that the Ku Klux Klan is the outcome of this augmentation. They seem to have been made more poignant and irresistible by fear. The South gives indications of being afraid of the negro. I do not mean physical fear. It is not a matter of cowardice or bravery; it is something deeper and more fundamental. It is a fear of losing grip upon the world. It is an unconscious fear of changing status. Peaceful and even-tempered co-existence of ruler and ruled is possible only

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where the relations between the classes remain static for long periods of time. Such a condition of affairs stimulates the growth of traditions, habit of obedience, the love of common things, feelings of security, and the manifestations of kindness and personal loyalty. These become important factors in easing the strain of submission and of accepting a position of inferiority as natural, as an unquestioned basis of social existence. But these static conditions were upset by the Civil War.

The old Ku Klux Klan attempted to reestablish them, and the attempt was never quite successful. One of the reasons for the failure of the South again to secure for itself in full the older tradition of compliance on the part of the negro was the gradual and persistent infiltration of the forces of modern industrialism. The development of factories, the building of roads, automobiles, telephones; the public schools, moving-pictures, newspapers; the easy methods of communication; the growth of various negro social activities;

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the development of cities, with their inevitable stimulus for the larger life—all these have contributed to upsetting the older static relationships and introducing dynamic ones.

The changing status of the negro may be illustrated in many ways. It is sufficient to mention the following facts. In 1863 there were only two newspapers published by colored persons, while at present there are some 400 publications published by or for the negro, most of them appearing in the South.² In 1865 negroes engaged in forty different kinds of business undertakings, now there are more than 200 varieties of businesses conducted by negroes. There are over 50,000 separate establishments with an annual volume of one billion five hundred million dollars. There were reported in 1922 seventy-four negro banks with a total capital of \$6,250,000 and resources amounting to \$20,000,000. These banks do an annual business of about \$100,000,000. Twelve Southern States have State-wide negro business leagues and there

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are local leagues in twenty-nine States.³ Exclusive of public high schools, there are some five hundred secondary and higher training schools for negroes, with an enrollment of more than 28,000 secondary, 3,324 collegiate, and some 2,000 professional students.⁴ In 1921 four hundred and sixty-one students received the degree of B.A. There are now nearly 8,000 college graduates and some twenty-five colored students who have received the degree of Ph.D. from standard American universities. Over fifty negroes have made Phi Beta Kappa, and the 1910 census reports seven hundred and seventy-nine negro lawyers.⁵ These are but a very few of the facts that could be listed. They have brought a newer type of negro into being. He is different because he does different things. He assumes positions of leadership in his own group, occupies positions of responsibility, and has achieved a cultural outlook which differentiates him sharply from the type of negro who served as a slave. In fact, the bitterness of the educated negro

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may, in part, be attributed to the craving for distinction from the men in his own race who are far below in the scale of achievements. The imposed association with the least advanced in his own group in all things is partly responsible for the resentment at being denied the privilege of acceptance on his merits from the white people. For it must be remembered that the distinction is so drawn as to place the poorest equipped, the least reputable white man above the most capable and fully developed negro.

These forces are inevitable. The colored man is not in a position to escape their consequences: they tend to make the negro feel, think, and be different. He is caught in the whirl of a flood that is sweeping away old moorings, old relations, old loyalties, and is developing newer cravings, ideals, and habits —habits that are strange and incongruous to the white people in the South, with their memories and traditions of a static world. They want him to be, as he was of old, “a good nigger.” They blame him, forgetting that he

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is the victim of a changing world as much as the white man.

III

The World War brought three important factors to bear upon the situation in the South. It intensified the habit of violence, as is evidenced by the "crime wave" which followed the armistice. This sudden outburst of violence in the United States and in Europe suggests the common thread which binds the Ku Klux Klan in the South with similar movements in other parts of the country and in Europe. The war left a common mood upon the world, a restlessness that craved appeasement. The outbreak of the war roused human passions. Its continuance raised them to a level that was sustained by deeds of physical violence and stories of brutality and atrocity. War cannot be supported in a placid, quiet mood. The ready acceptance of the most weird and inhuman tales of cruel, lustful, brutal, and savage behavior bespeaks the growth of an unnatural appetite

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and craving for such tales of horror. These emotions were more or less systematically fed and supported during the war. An American army experience will illustrate the point.

The American soldier, trained in bayonet practice, was made to jab at a dummy suspended from a rope. Each jab was accompanied by a grunt. The more savage and realistic the grunt, the more satisfactory. The emphasis was upon the brutal in sound and attitude. It was perfectly simple psychology. If the soldier could only be made to ejaculate enough savage grunts while jabbing at a dummy, it was expected that he would ultimately become savage of temper and would find a joyous, or, if you will, a satisfying outlet in jabbing at dummies or human beings. This is illustrative of the method. It differed and was rationalized in many ways. The point is that it built up an emotional plane which needed violence and stories of brutality to feed upon. It is like a drug habit that begins with the attempt to alleviate an ailment, nullify a pain, escape dullness and

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brooding, and ends in craving the drug for the sake of the excitation to be derived from it, apart from any illness. The lack of the drug itself becomes a great pain. The means is gradually substituted for the end. It becomes the end. So with the passions that were fed upon violence and tales of horror. The tales of horror sustained an emotional status that was constructed for savagery and bitterness to keep up the fighting spirit, and now the fighting spirit is used to maintain the emotions that were first brought into service as an instrument. What seems to have happened is that, instead of abusing people because they are hated, the hate is generated as a means of justifying the thrill to be derived from abusing the people hated.

During the war all of the emotions were concentrated upon one objective, one end. The armistice suddenly suspended the habituated behavior without destroying or abolishing the emotional cravings which it had fed. The violence that followed was a continuance of the practice characteristic of

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war and the enormous growth of passions concentrated about political, religious, and racial differences are now substituted to make possible a feeding of these irrational, unstable cravings that were left as a heritage to the world when the struggle was suspended. These new hates, like the old ones, are means. They serve to give joy to those who would feed the passion for abuse, calumny, and physical brutality. This seems to be especially true of those who themselves did not share in the sobering and satiating experience on the field of battle. The best evidence seems to point to the fact that soldiers who fought in the trenches are less virulent than those whose participation was mainly vicarious and second-hand. That the war emotion laid the foundation for the movements of extreme bigotry and emotional concentration seems well illustrated by the fact that, while the K.K.K. was organized in 1915, its great spread did not occur until after the war was over.

There is also a remnant of the millennial-

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ism which identified Germany with the devil, and the hope of victory with the dawning of a new and beatific world. The disillusionment so general after the war was due to the failure of this Utopian hope. As was to be expected, the more hysterical and naïve have discovered their pet explanation. To them the failure was due to some malign influence; if only—and there are many such if's. If we had only marched to Berlin; if Wilson had not been a pacifist; if Lodge had not been a politician; if the Catholics were not in league with the devil (and there are many good souls who believe that they are); if the Jewish bankers had only not been afraid of their investments; if the radicals could only have been exterminated; if only there were no sin in the world. In part, at least, the Ku Klux Klan and all similar movements of hate in the world are an attempt to destroy the "evil" that stands in the way of the millennial hope—a hope made vivid to many souls who actually believed that the war would usher in a "world fit for heroes to live in."

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The second factor which the war brought to bear upon the South and which served as a gathering center for the emotions reflected in the K.K.K. was the influence of the war upon the negro. The war gave thousands of negroes a vision of things unknown and undreamed of, and an experience in the world that made different beings of them. It must be remembered that two million negroes were registered during the war, over five hundred thousand were drafted, and two hundred thousand were shipped to France. This sudden expansion of horizon, this sudden enriching of experience, the cheerings and the adulations, the experience on the field of battle, the freedom of contact with white people in France, added to the belief that out of the war would come a new world for them as well as for other oppressed peoples, have produced what is recognized as the "new negro." Even to this day many Southerners deplore the influence of the war upon the negro. There seems, in fact, to be substantial ground for the statement occasionally heard in

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the South that during the war, and while still in France, many Southerners banded together in a secret organization to meet what to them seemed the peril of the returning negro soldier.

The third influence of the war upon the South was due to its economic consequences. The migration of half a million negroes to the North, the drafting of half a million others, the general rise in wages, the equal pay for negro and white soldiers, the remission of part of that money to dependents at home—a sum which seemed considerable to the negro women—had much bearing upon the independence of negro labor. Anyone who was in the South during the war will recall the general complaint against negro labor, from that against the servant in the house who was said to have become too proud to do certain kinds of work, to that against the negro mechanic who was demanding unheard of wages. All of these factors tended to increase the flux and tide in the Southern communities and greatly upset the hitherto relatively static

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relations between the races. Here is one explanation for the K.K.K. It is an attempt to maintain static what is becoming dynamic. It would reestablish the past by nullifying through terror the influences of the present.

IV

To these factors is to be added ennui, just pure and simple boredom. The lack of interest, of creative outlet, of joy in living, of ambition, of a vivid sense of life—all these, and more that is deadening, have always been attributed to the small town. In addition to lacking the positive qualities that make for personal growth and development, they generally contain negative factors that help to constrain and dwarf. There is the small town scrutiny, the compulsion to conformity, and the inescapable pressure to walk the straight and narrow path. The small town has always craved and found artificial thrills. It must needs have some excitement. The revival meeting, the itinerant preacher, the occasional scandal, the persistent village drum,

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the eternal local clown, have played their part in keeping village life habitable by supplying some sort of outlet, some sort of emotional freedom. All this is true of village life everywhere, and people who know the village best know that it is almost always capable of emotional abortions under proper stimuli.

The intensity of family feuds is only one illustration of the violent compensations for the dull, inbred lives led by isolated mountain communities. The statement of the reputed Maine farmer, who in reply to a question as to how they spend their winter evenings, said that "Some of us sets and thinks, while others just sets," tells the story. Village life is dull everywhere, but in the South the situation is in many respects worse than in any other part of the country. The single crop so characteristic of the South has its influence in denying the rural population varied interests. The single crop, with its reduction of the farmer to the status of a city worker, who has to depend upon a money economy for nearly all of his needs, with its greater emphasis upon

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a money crop for sale rather than a varied crop for use, with its tendency to neglect the other subsidiary activities that are the very foundation of diversified farming, with its large tenancy, its frequent change of place, its intermittent periods of idleness, its monotonous food, its dependence upon the creditor, its greater indebtedness, lack of interest in the farm, in its appearance, and the too frequent absence of numerous cattle and their almost human appeal to tenderness and care—the single crop has made the rural community in the South much more a burden spiritually and has meant much greater need for external excitement, partly expressed in intense religious emotions and protracted meetings. Added to this is the frequent idleness of the white farmer, who depends largely upon colored labor or crop-sharing, who often confines himself to superintendence—a superintendence that proves not burdensome either for the mind or the body.

This lack of interest and varied occupation is made still more barren by the fact that the

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South has had poorer roads than most parts of the country. Communication, contact, and variation were thus more difficult, and isolation, inbreeding, localism, and a narrow village life more inevitable. It has meant that the theater, the moving-picture, the neighborly visit, the get-together played a lesser part. To this must be added the influence of greater illiteracy than usual in the lives of the isolated communities. It is true, of course, that the average farmer or small village inhabitant makes comparatively little use of his ability to read and write, but it is also true that he makes some use of it. There are more libraries in Northern and Western villages and towns; there is more reading, more interest in the world at large, more vicarious enjoyment and emotional compensations where there is greater literacy. And, most of all, those who actually need much of the varied and the intense do tend to read more. In the South this instrument of contentment and satisfaction has been less in evidence. There has, therefore, been a comparatively smaller

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share of the joy and peace to be derived from the reading of novels and detective stories, and this lack has by that much increased the ease with which an unpleasant occurrence can rouse intense passions.

Everything different is seized upon by the emotions and made much of. The pressure of ennui is tremendous. That explains one important thing about the Ku Klux Klan. It is a rural and small-town institution.⁶ I do not suggest that it has no following in larger cities; but the fact is that in larger cities it is not taken as seriously, the "best" people do not belong to it, and it is looked down upon. In the rural districts and small towns it is the instrument of some of the "best" people; its leaders there are often the reputable, dignified village chiefs.

It is this dead monotony which makes the occasional lynching possible. One has seriously to ask why and how a people so generous, kindly, hospitable, free-spirited, and brave as are the people of the South can indulge in a lynching. There is seemingly

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only one answer. The white people are as much the victims of the lynching—morally, probably more so—as is the poor negro who is burned. They are starved emotionally. They desperately crave some excitement, some interest, some passionate outburst. People who live a full and varied life do not need such sudden and passionate compensations; but those whose daily round never varies, whose most constant state is boredom, must find some outlet or emotional distortion.

Something happens; a rumor is spread about town that a crime has been committed. The emotions seize upon this, and the people are in a state of frenzy before they know what has taken possession of them. Their thwarted impulses become the master of the situation. The emotional grip is unrelenting. Men and women are transported from a state of comparative peace into one of intense excitement. The lynching takes place not because the people enjoy it, but because the passions, the shouting, the running, the yelling, all conspire to give the starved emotions a full day of play.

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What happens is that, instead of planning a lynching for the sake of the excitement, the excitement determines the lynching, and the people who commit it are its victims. It takes place not because they desire the thrill that it brings, but the thrill determines its occurrence. The outburst victimizes the population, and is only a cruel compensation for many months of starved existence.

After the lynching the community settles back to a state of quiet. One exhausting orgy is enough to last a long while; it provides material for discussion, for argument, for explanation, for reflection. In dull moments the whole thing is lived over again. It helps one to come to grips with the world; it stabilizes the existence of the unfortunate community.

v

The danger of the Ku Klux Klan is that it dramatizes and perpetuates this state of excitation. It seizes upon the monotony of a small town and gives it a daily drama. It

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takes him who lived an uneventful life, one who is nobody in particular, and makes something of him. It gives him a purpose; makes him a soldier in a cause. The very existence of the K.K.K. is proof of emotional infanthood. It would not be possible in a community where the people lived full, interesting, varied lives. People who live actively in a busy, serious world look upon this thing as child's play. That is just what it is. It is pretending to be what you are not. It is assuming the possession of importance and significance when you have a robe and a hood because you have no importance without them. It is living in a make-believe, magic world. It is child's play.

It is part of the hocus-pocus and make-believe imbedded in the small American community. It is of the same order and appeals to the same set of interests that infest the small town and village with its innumerable secret and fraternal orders. It has the same leaning to the "Great, Grand, Holy, and Exalted Ruler of the Universe" in checkered

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cloth and idle pretense, "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." The optimistic might even discover in the Ku Klux Klan, with its greater mystery and assumed moral purposes, promising evidence that the small American community has tired of mere folly and nonsense, mere play and silliness, and is outgrowing its emotional and intellectual infancy.

The man begins to lead a double life. He is an ordinary mortal during the day, and at night he becomes a soldier in a sacred cause. The parade, the secret meeting at three A.M. in some hidden wood, with nothing but a fiery cross and many white robes and hoods, with the darkness and the wind, all combine to add mystery and give satisfaction. Then there is the opportunity to pry into other people's lives as a sacred duty. The need for something to do gives this organization living purposes. These objectives must be discovered, and so they are. If you are organized to do something, you *have* to do it, and that something soon appears. That person is a

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suspect, this person needs to be warned, that one has to be whipped, and possibly this one has to be tarred and feathered. It must not be assumed that I am imputing evil motives to the people who indulge in these practices. If it were only an evil motive that prompted their behavior, it would not deserve these pages or the reader's time. Because they are sincere, because they mean well, because they are fighting in what to them is a holy cause, is what gives the K.K.K. its significance. Insincerity has never supported a real movement, and never can. The K.K.K. is hysterically sincere, and hysteria is always dangerous, because it is next door to emotional insanity.

What is dangerous here is that the man who has no grip upon the world receives one through pretense. It is dangerous because the emotional eruption which fed itself upon a lynching is dramatized, crystallized, and habituated to sustain itself by the feelings of self-esteem and power always derived from the imposition of cruelty upon other people. That is one of the basic and inescapable results

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of the K.K.K. It stimulates the glorious exaltation of superiority by tantalizing the emotions roused when another person is whipped or beaten in a righteous cause. And the cause becomes righteous as soon as the beating begins, and increases in worth with the intensity and frequency of the exercise. It is here that one must look for the significance of the K.K.K.

VI

It is difficult to write upon such a subject as this without hurting people's feelings. That in itself would not be so bad if the fact that they had their feelings hurt did not interfere with their thinking, with their open-mindedness, with their receptivity to an objective analysis. It does not help to get angry, because one becomes angry all over. Interestingly enough, you do not have to say anything to make people angry; all that is necessary is to mention certain words, and one of them for many people in the South is "sex." Yet one cannot make a simple objective analysis of the

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K.K.K. without mentioning that phase of the subject. If it were ruled out of a discussion, the analysis would have to be suspended.

There are numerous evidences of a curious sensitiveness to matters of sex in some parts of the South. For instance, in one Southern State I read the order of a county superintendent of schools to the effect that school athletes would be expected to wear stockings and full uniforms reaching down below the knees. Shirt-sleeves would have to reach below the elbows. This order was justified on the grounds of morality, virtue, and public decency. A second instance occurred in a Southern city which I recently visited. A Mexican, looking out of a second-story window, saw a friend passing across the street. He waved to him. It so happened that there were some little girls playing on the sidewalk. That night the Mexican was taken from his house by twenty masked men and severely whipped. These are mild cases.

The fact that they occurred is indicative of something fundamentally serious in the whole

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attitude toward the question of sex. All such manifestations have a root, and the root here is the defense mechanism which some Southerners have constructed against loose moral standards. This mechanism is a back wash. It is purely defensive, but the defense is against oneself rather than against any one else.

The simple truth of the matter seems to be that the tremendous protection which the South throws about the white women is the compensation for the lack of protection which the colored women have to endure. The attitude toward the colored women is not flattering. To make a distinction between colored and white women at all, the distinction must be absolute; there must be no basis of comparison. The difference is not relative. It must be infinite, or it would be no difference at all. The point here is that habits and attitudes, notions and ideas, practices and relations derived from the position of the colored women in the South tend to persist. That is in the nature of habits. You cannot

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indulge in certain relations toward colored women and expect to escape free from influence in your attitude toward white women. The idealization of the white women in the South is thus partly the unconscious self-protection on the part of the white men from their own bad habits, notions, beliefs, attitudes, and practices. This helps to give the facts of sex in the South their peculiar quality of sensitiveness. It is not insinuated that all white men in the South are habituated to practices suggested here, but there are enough of these men to give the atmosphere its requisite tensity. This is a highly complicating factor.⁷

The Ku Klux Klan plays its rôle in feeding this attitude. It is a fiery organized public conscience—a conscience generated by habits which have persisted from the days before the Civil War, with some, but comparatively little, abatement. It advertises sex. Like all advertisements, it generates a persuasive influence. It makes a public concern of what has always been a matter of private

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adjustment, and does so with the flare of trumpets. Now, any one who knows anything about human nature knows that it is exceedingly sensitive to suggestion; that for some people suggestion is irresistible when it centers about the subject of sex perversions.

Every community has its weaklings, its perverts, its starved, unsatisfied, subjective members. The negroes have their share. What happens is something like this. Some poor weak-minded negro is subjected to the influences which are generated by the hysteria of defense against sex irregularity. The thing is advertised, whispered about, talked of in undertones; there are hunts, raids, lynchings, persecutions, fear, terror; a constant flood of stimuli are pressed in upon him. The very terror generated may lead to delusions of bravery, of heroism, of powers of greatness. The very cruelty may stimulate a craving for participation in the things pervasive in the community. The poor weak-minded negro becomes haunted by delusions, by an irresistible craving to exhibit his powers, to

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participate in the forbidden thing. He dreams of committing the crime, of beating off a dozen white men, of ultimate escape. If he accepts the possibility of capture, the zest of the chase, of the excitation, and even of the final burning may become irresistible and attractive, and he does something that he would ordinarily never have done. This is one explanation for the fact that a community which has the most lynchings, the most terror, has also the most crimes to deal with. The very terror generates them. It is not suggested here that these are the only influences that lead to crimes or that they are not real and substantial fears. All that is emphasized is the influence which the Klan generates toward increasing their number.

There is also the fact that the things which influence the weak-minded negro influence the weak-minded over-sexed girl, and every community has its share of those. All doctors know that. The whole pressure on the subject of sex tends to stimulate delusions, fears, imaginations, and hysteria. They are in an

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expectant mood. They imagine all kinds of possible things that they would do. They would fight, scream, run, yell; they, too, as well as the poor negro, become heroic in their own imagination. Enough is known about such things to understand that a girl over-stimulated by suggestion might imagine advances being made without their ever occurring. But more likely than that is that the expectant, strained, persistent mood of fear of attack tends to give significance to unintentional, meaningless incidents. An accidental meeting on a lonely road with a negro, a look, a chance contact, and the whole mechanism of fear and expectancy is set in motion. The girl screams; the negro runs. In the excitement that follows the thing that actually happened is forgotten. A story gets itself built up; all the emotions that have been roused come to the front. Only one thing will pacify the community; the emotions demand their full satisfaction. They will not be denied.

It is here again that the real danger of the

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Ku Klux Klan resides. It helps to build up a mood of expectancy, a terror that something will happen, and a set of habits that demand cruelty for satisfaction. The thing to remember is that such emotions tend to increase in ratio as the habits of cruelty increase, and that the excuse for the satisfaction of the emotions roused is always found. The story of witch-burnings is old, but fruitful to him who would understand the possibilities of human perversion. A community would go on for centuries without a witch being discovered or burned. Suddenly some one witch would be burned. Soon another would make her appearance, and then another and another, until in some instances thousands of witches would be destroyed before a reaction would set in. What is interesting and significant is that during the excitement some people would confess that they were witches despite the fact that they knew that they would be burned to death. It is here that the Ku Klux Klan is making itself felt. It is generating a habit of physical violence in the name of a

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sacred cause. It is feeding deeply rooted atavistic tendencies that may be roused in any community under the strain of excitement. It is dramatizing the whole process of self-indulgence in these tendencies in the name of social good. Worst of all, it is taking a lot of young Americans and giving them habits which will for a long time unfit them for the ordinary give and take demanded by a democracy. No truer words were ever uttered than those of the Waco Ministers' Union, which in protesting against a burning that took place in that city said, "Mob action defeats justice in that it is primarily by men who are themselves dangerous to society, or by irresponsible youths who are thus demoralized for all time to come."⁸

One might raise other aspects of the situation, as political influences, possibilities for personal revenge, race hatred, and religious bigotry. These are important, no doubt; but they are comparatively insignificant when set beside the emotional distortion and the habits of violence which the Klan tends to generate.

CHAPTER II

THE SOUTH BURIES ITS ANGLO-SAXONS

I

THE professor and I were visiting a cotton mill man. He was sitting behind his polished desk in a large room, a kindly, interested, and public-spirited man who spoke feelingly about the mill-workers; a middle-aged man who had seen much of the world and who gave evidence of being personally concerned with the welfare of the men and women working for him. The questions and answers proceeded smoothly for a considerable period, but the man behind the desk apparently felt that I was asking too many questions, that if I was not unfriendly, at least I was inquisitive. Leaning over the desk, he pointed his finger at me, and said:

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"I want you to understand, Mr. Tannenbaum, that our workers down here are not like the people who work in the mills up North. The people we have are just as good Americans as any. The best blood in the country flows in their veins. They are the people who made this country. Good, sturdy Anglo-Saxon stock, much better than the rich loafers who spend their time playing billards and pool."

He kept this up for a while. There was in his voice a tone of aggrieved perplexity combined with a feeling of pride. But something happened to his brain. Suddenly he bent a little farther over the desk and, lowering his voice a trifle, said, "But they are like children, and we have to take care of them."

"But they are like children." That phrase illuminated much that had been obscure. It explained many things. I understood the solicitude, the care, the interest in the life and destinies of the mill-workers. It became clear why the mill people are recorded in a book owned by the mill man—a kind of

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Doomsday Book, where the child a day old is
set beside the grandfather of sixty.

As soon as you are born you are recorded. After that all your destinies find a place in this long black book. There are written the name of the father, his age, his occupation, how many times he has been sick, where he came from, the room he lives in, the name of his wife, how many children she has had, the number that are still alive, how many of them are too young to work, how many of them are in school, how many are at work and what they are doing. If the family keeps boarders, they, too, are in the long black book of the mill man. Their names, their number, and their occupation are set beside those of the people they live with. The mill man can, by turning the pages of this book, tell the age of all the people that live in the village, their occupation, their health or disease, their marital condition, their education, and their room number. Not even a baby is unrecorded. Their destinies are marked out for them to be mill people. All of this solicitude became

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clear and simple. "They are like children, and we have to take care of them."

They *are* like children, but rather strange, lost-looking, and bereaved. Their faces seem stripped, denuded, and empty. They give the impression of being beyond the realm of things daily lived and experienced by other people or children: they exhibit little of the frolicsome and joyous, little of shouting and play. Their faces are wan, and their eyes drawn and stupid. Unhappy children, if children at all. But really they are men and women who have been lost to the world and have forgotten its existence.

Talking to a mill man one day, I asked:

"Do your people marry young?"

"Yes, sir, and have big families," he replied quickly.

"Do they marry outside the mill village much?" I asked.

"No, n-o-o, a-l-most never," slowly. The question apparently had not occurred to him before.

"Don't you get a good deal of inbreeding?"

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"No, not much."

"Why not?"

"Well, they move about."

"Where do they move to?"

"Why, sir, they move to other mill villages."

"Do they ever leave the mill villages and go back into the community, outside, to some other job or to farming?"

"No, sir, almost never. They just stays."

"Where, then, do you get your changes in population?"

"They come in, sir, from farms and the hills."

"And when they come, they stay in the mill villages?"

"Yes, sir; they almost never leaves them ag'in."

This is one side of the story. It is the typical side. You may go where you will in the cotton-mill section of the South and talk to the people who know the mill village, and they will tell you the same thing. They will tell you that once a mill-worker, always a mill-worker. Not only you, but your children

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and children's children forever and ever. They do not leave except to move to another mill village, which they do often enough. By the thousands they have become drifters, a distinctly recognized type of mill-workers, who come and go from mill village to mill village, but who never go outside of them.

What seems to happen is something like this. A mountaineer or farm tenant leaves the farm for the city, carrying his six children with him; if fortune provides him with an occupation in town, his children do different things. One child will work in a grocery store, one will become a newsboy, one will find his way to a machine-shop, and another will be a printer's devil; still another will go to school, and the last will go to jail. They are bedded in the community and have become part of it. Their destinies are varied, and one of the children may become a politician and another a business man. The family table represents the contacts and flexibility of interests and ideas that are abroad in the world. The family is spiritually saved and

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He moves to the mill village for very definite reasons. Having been a cotton farmer, he has few technics. It means that he has lived on a very narrow money margin. He has been in debt beyond possibility of recovery. He has neither trade nor money, and the mill offered to give his children work at more money wages than he ever dreamed of for himself. It gave him a house at a very low rent. It gave his children a school—often a better school than he has had or than is to be had in the town. The mill also gave him many other things, including his coal at five dollars a ton instead of twelve dollars or more.

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He moved to the mill village. There was only one condition attached. He and his children who worked were expected to work in the mill. That is all. And that is enough. That makes the house a spiritual grave and the mill village a spiritual cemetery. It buries its inhabitants and hides them from the world.

The situation is exceedingly simple. The mill man builds himself a factory. Then he builds himself a mill village for the workers he needs in his factory. The size of the mill determines the size of the mill village. The mill man estimates a certain average number of workers per room. That is all. It is perfectly legitimate. The houses are built for that purpose. The people who occupy them are expected to work in the mill. That in practice means that all the workers in the family work in the same mill, that, in fact, they have to do so to keep the house. There are occasional exceptions, but they are exceptions. Any one who lives in a mill house, but works at some other occupation outside the mill village, is a rare and privileged person.

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II

"Why don't you sell the house to your workers?" I asked a kindly old man who told me of all the good things he does for his people. He even had said:

"Sometimes I think we do too much for them. They lose all ambition."

But his reply to my question was:

"We should lose control over them."

I asked another mill man the same question, and he answered:

"Well, they might sell the house to other people, and we would be a house out, as well as have to look somewhere else for workers."

Another man said:

"We could not do that because we could not look after them."

"What do you mean by looking after them?" I asked.

"Why, we look after their morals."

"After their morals?"

"Yes, sir; we do not keep any one who has a bad reputation, either man or woman."

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"What do you do with them?"

"We fire them and put them out of the house that quick."

"Where do they go?"

"Well, sir, they move to another mill village."

So there are towns that have two kinds of mill villages; moral ones and those where the known immoral people, "scum of the earth," as one man called them, live and work. Still better, some mill-managers have two kinds of mill villages, a moral one and one of the other kind, a refuge for the lost and outcast. Many find a haven there. Apparently it is hard to remain indefinitely in a state of innocence in the mill village. Any one who has talked with the social workers, with the chiefs of police, with the Red Cross people, with other similar agencies, like the neighboring boards of health, will agree that the mill village is generously fruitful in immorality, dope, consumption, and social degradation.

The house that the worker receives from the mill-owner limits the destinies of the family.

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It determines, even if the mill man has not this in mind, the future of not only the father who gets the house, but of the children who are born in it. The house is expected to provide its share of labor for the mill, and the children are sacrificed to satisfy that demand. The question of the children going to other places rarely arises. It naturally follows that the children should work where the parents do. Occasionally, however, it does arise, and the mill is not entirely ignorant of that fact.

"We could not rent a house for a dollar a week to a family and have all of the children work somewhere else."

That was a generous way of putting it, because in practice all the children have to work in the mill, though there are exceptions, even if the exceptions are rare. I asked one man whether all the people who lived in the company houses had to work in the mill if they could work, and he actually winced. The point was a sore one. To get any reply at all I had to get around to find out what proportion of the labor was expected from each room.

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To this I got a definite answer. The point had been an issue. Another man said to me in answer to a discussion of the schooling situation that "they go to work at the age of fourteen and a half. But if they want to go to school after that, even up to the age of sixteen, *we let them.*"

The solicitude for the children who have to be taken care of is at bottom solicitude for the house; the house has to contribute its share of labor. That is why it is built. That is why it is looked after. That is why it is given away almost for nothing. The houses are not self-supporting. The company loses thousands of dollars a year.

But let Mr. Stuart Cramer, President of the National Committee, American Cotton Manufacturers Association, describe the mill village in his own words³:

"A comparatively small town, generally located outside the corporate limits of any municipality and often in the country, therefore self-contained and self-supporting, with its own stores, schools, churches, and public

THE SOUTH BURIES ITS ANGLO-SAXONS utilities, with its dwellings clustered around the mill buildings and all owned by the mill company as a whole or in a large part. The citizenship is practically all native born of Anglo-Saxon descent, with a small negro population living in the outskirts or in some segregated district. These surroundings are the direct result of the conditions under which the industry has been established in the South, where there are few large cities or even large towns to draw upon for a labor supply. The organization and erection of a Southern cotton mill usually means the laying-off, building, and establishing of a village to house and supply the families for an adequate amount of help.

"Now here is a definite concrete proposition, representative of a thousand or more cases embracing the very large majority of Southern cotton mill communities and, with slight modifications, typical of them all. Even when such communities are within the limits of incorporated towns, they are usually outlying and of this same general type. Parentheti-

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cally I would say that the feature about these mill villages which is most open to criticism is the ownership of the dwellings so largely by the corporations. My own observation is that most mill operatives want so much to live near their work that it is well-nigh impossible to sell them homes except very near the mills; and the experience of many who have risked doing that has been that when *sold such houses do not long furnish operatives for the mill but are in demand by petty tradesmen and others, thereby defeating the very object for which they are built near the mills, to the disadvantage of both the corporation and the operatives.**

"The real truth of the matter is that the feudal villages of the mill barons, about which the demagogues rant so much, are a very great handicap, and something the mill-owners would be very glad to unload and get rid of. How much of an advantage in that respect the Northern mill man enjoys, all of whose money is invested in mill buildings and producing machinery, compared to his Southern

* My Italics.

THE SOUTH BURIES ITS ANGLO-SAXONS competitor who has probably an average of one third of his entire capital tied up in a village which is not only a heavy initial investment but also a source of constant and continual expense. The average charge for rent is twenty-five cents per room per week, including electric lights, water, and sewerage—not even enough to keep the houses painted and in repair, and that small amount more than offset by village and welfare expense so that it is really a totally unproductive investment." But it serves to secure and provide labor for the mill.

In practice it means that all of the children have to be confined to the experiences of the narrowing, limiting contacts that follow from living not only in the same village, but working in the same mill, going to a mill school, a mill church, a mill moving-picture, and buying in a mill grocery-store and a mill drug-store. One teacher in a mill school—she has been there for ten years—discussed the problem with me. She had the interests of the young folks at heart. After corroborating

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the various aspects of the general story—as a professor who was with me said: “What an interesting interview that was! She proved your general analysis by trying to disprove it”—she testified to the fact that one of her friends has three children, a son who is a foreman, a daughter who is working in the mill, and a boy of seventeen who is also working in the mill. This young boy of seventeen wanted to go to work in the grocery. In this case the grocery is not owned by the mill. She was afraid to take the boy from the mill because she might lose her house, and that despite the fact that her son was a foreman. In another instance a mill man told me that he gave a man a house, even a large house, if he had children who gave promise of being good mill-workers. Another mill man said that he had given a poor worker a house because two of his sons were good workers. Another told me that he had just had to make a man move with his family, because one of the boys had a fight with one of the foremen and he could not be allowed to stay in the village.

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III

I wish to make it clear that I am not at present discussing the question of wages, hours of labor, conditions of labor, or child labor. These are the things that have been most frequently the subjects for dispute when the question arose. I am discussing the burying of a complete section of the Southern community in the mill village, and the resulting loss to the life of the South. All I am saying is that the mountaineer or small cotton farmer who moves to the mill village is lost to the community. I am also saying that these are the people who have given the South and the nation some of their best spiritual leadership. "These people are all Americans, and hundreds can qualify as sons and daughters of the Revolution." They are the descendants of those who fought at King's Mountain, New Orleans, and Gettysburg. They are of the stock that produced Sam Houston and Stonewall Jackson. They are the people who have given the world its Lincoln on one

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hand and its Tom Watson on the other. They can also claim Sergeant York. They have enriched the life of the South. These people are being denuded, stripped, washed out, destroyed. They are being reduced to a state of childish impotence where they have to be taken care of and where they produce nothing.

They give the South no poets, no artists, no politicians, no orators, no teachers, no business men, no men of adventure, no builders, no engineers, no technicians, no leaders in any field of activity whatsoever. So far as the community is concerned, they might as well never have been at all. A professor of one of the colleges in North Carolina, who has been studying the situation for many years, said: "In the last twenty years out of a population of some three hundred thousand mill people in the State of North Carolina there is not a single person of county importance who has come from the mill village. I can think of only two preachers, uneducated evangelical spirits, and both of them no good." I was talking to one mill man about this, pointing

THE SOUTH BURIES ITS ANGLO-SAXONS out that I did not deny that the mill men were often paternal and generous, that often at great expense they gave their workers many things that they had not on the farm, but that this conditioning of the life of the family tended to deprive it of its contacts with the community, tended to give it no interests that we value, no insights that are useful, no relations with the world that open up new vistas of life and labor. That it destroyed and killed everything beautiful and worth while in human life-interest beyond the immediate. He replied:

“But we keep the family together. In the world at large the family would drift apart. The children would go from their parents; they would marry away from home; the family would be destroyed.”

When I repeated my statement and pointed out that what he said was rather beside the point, that it was the complete submersion of a population that I was talking about, he turned to me and said seriously:

“Mr. Tannenbaum, you don’t mean to tell

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me that you advocate the destruction of the family, do you?"

It was hopeless. It is hopeless.

The mill village is a curious institution. It is built behind the mill and is an adjunct to it. It has no life of its own. Its destinies are spun by the mill. One mill village is like almost every other mill village, an institution apart. The houses are all the same. They are set at equal spaces from one another. They are colored by the same kind of coloring. Each house is alike. Each street is just as wide and just as big as every other street. It has uniformity. It gives the impression of system. It is not a town. It is not an incorporated village. It has no existence of its own. It is built upon private property. It is private property. The State may not enter in without a warrant. The school-teacher is paid by the mill man, and the school is built by the mill man. So is the church. The selection of the minister is frequently influenced by the mill man. The grocery-store, the moving-picture, the drug-store, the doctor,

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everything is in the hands of the mill man. If there are streets, it is because he has made them. If there are benches in the park, it is he who gave them. If the children play baseball, it is he who has bought the balls and the bats. If they have uniforms, he has provided them. Everything is owned and bought by him. Even the policemen are paid by him. The people have no political life. They do not vote. They are not interested in politics.

It ought to be added that "almost invariably wages are held back for one pay-roll period," and in many cases it is two weeks between pay-days. When new-comers arrive at the mill, it may be four weeks before they receive any money; then they will receive two weeks' wages, though they may have a store account covering four weeks. They must go into debt for necessary supplies, and before they draw their first pay, their debt may be much more than the pay drawn will cover. As a rule the amount of the store account will be deducted from the earnings of the employee," and "in some mills the company employs a

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doctor, and deductions for his services are made before earnings are paid over to the employee.

"A custom of making discounts from earnings advanced in money before pay-day prevails in many Southern mills, and in most cases the discount is five per cent. This charge falls heaviest upon the poor who must have the money as fast as they earn it and who can least afford the drain . . . when he has once made a beginning, it is almost inevitable that he should continue."⁴

IV

I wish to make clear that there is in some villages considerable paternal interest in the mill population. Many have Y. M. C. A.'s. There are gymnasiums in others, there are community houses, there are welfare workers. This was particularly true during the war. To escape paying surplus-profit taxes and in response to the spirit then abroad in the world, much money went into various kinds of social activities. Better houses were built. Drain-

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age systems were installed, nurses were hired, schools were improved, community life was stimulated. Much of this activity has now gone by the board, either allowed to die or deliberately cut off. Then, too, the Federal law that compelled children to stay out of the mill till the age of sixteen led many children into high school, and some of them are still there, but very few. I state all this so as to make it perfectly clear that this involves no suggestion of malign influences in the mill-owners and mill-managers. In fact, the better the thing is, the worse it is. It sweetens the destruction of spiritual contact with the world abroad. One mill man said to me:

“You know my people have everything they need. Two years ago I decided that they ought to have some flowers. Flowers are good for them. I got me a man to plow up the piece of land in front of each house. You know we have a little piece of land in front of each house. My people know nothing of flowers, so I got me a gardener to buy some seeds for them. You know it would never do

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for them to be jealous of each other. So he bought the same kind of seeds for each garden and planted them all in similar rows. The flowers looked very pretty. But you know they are careless and just like children, so we had to tell them not to pull the flowers out." So they all had flowers. All the rows looked alike, and they could not pull them out.

By some of the mill-owners this paternalism is recognized to be bad. And in many instances there is a tendency to make the workers do some things for themselves. Clubs are organized, and the members contribute. They are encouraged to furnish their own club-room; they even buy their own piano. That is, they raise some of the money for the piano. As one man said, pointing to a piano in the recreation room:

"We do not buy everything for them any more. We used to, but it is not good for them. You see that piano over there. They bought it. It belongs to them. You know what I mean; they raised some of the money,

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and we gave the rest. In fact, the greater
part."

A kind of playing at responsibility. Another man made much of the fact that all of their mill villages were incorporated. I could not get at the difference for a while. The man insisted that they were just like real towns.

"They vote. They have their own officials, their own mayor, their own councilmen, they hire their own policemen."

"But who pays the taxes?"

"We pay the taxes, of course, because we own all the property."

"Where do they get the money?"

"Well, we pay to the county, and the county gives them their share for their own expenses, and all of the officials are our own workers."

"Can they do anything they want?"

"Sure; just like in any other government."

"Do you mean that you pay all of the taxes and that they are left free to pass any ordinance without consulting you?"

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"Well, you understand that there are some things we just could not allow."

"How do you manage?"

"Well, we have arranged to have every ordinance read twice before it becomes a law. If we do not like it, it is not read the second time, and so we never have any trouble."

The mill population is in a world apart. It does not play with the community. It does not mix with it. It does not intermarry, it does not work with it. The children do not play baseball together, and in one instance an attempt to establish a common camp had to be given up on account of opposition to having the other children associate with mill children. This is so general a fact in the mill section of the South that it is recognized as a caste system. The mill people are at the bottom of the scale. To become a mill-worker is to lose standing. A most careful student of cotton-mill history in the South concludes that the "Dislike for the operative's station is undoubtedly greater at present than in the years when the mills were building."

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I recall a discussion in a train between a farmer and a mill-manager. The farmer was denouncing the mills for the evil they were bringing to the South. The mill man talked of their benefits. The farmer said:

“Why, if one of my tenants went to the mill for a couple of years, I would not give him any more land if he came back.”

“Why not?” I asked.

“Why not? Why he would just be no good.” Later he added:

“Even my tenant farmers would have nothing to do with him. They just become low-down.”

A welfare worker, simple-minded and earnest, talked to me about this problem of exclusion and degradation, and was perplexed. This she could not understand.

“Why do the people outside think they are better, and why do the people inside feel that they are worse?”

She told me of two girls who came to the mill and went bad. She had talked to them. The only answer they could give was that now

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it made no difference. "They were mill hands, anyway. They just felt that they had taken a step down, and that things they could not do before were all right now."

One mill man said:

"*And* they are happy. We give them moving-pictures three times a week."

Another added:

"They come here to improve their condition and get schooling for their children, chances they did not have in the hills."

That brought back to my mind a little meeting I had witnessed. A bright welfare worker was talking to the mothers of the village. The village had a good school, a better one it seemed than the neighboring town, and two of the little girls had gone after graduation and found jobs in a department-store. The bright welfare worker was saying:

"You must be very grateful for the opportunities your children have in our village. The good schooling they get and other benefits cost a lot of money. We are very happy to do all of this, but it just will never do for them

THE SOUTH BURIES ITS ANGLO-SAXONS to get educated in our school and go to work in town. We just could not afford it. We educate them for ourselves and we simply can't have them go off like that."

The professor had remarked:

"They come to get better chances for their children and escape the lonesomeness of the isolated country."

That may be very true, but it is a blind alley. They get better houses and more to eat. But they lose all their freedom, their interest in the world, their knowledge of it. One teacher of sociology, who had sent some students to study the mill villages in the neighborhood, told me of the startling discovery the students had made.

"The people in the mill village know nothing about the outside world." They and their children lose their readiness for adventure. They lose the technic of going out and breasting the world anew. Occasionally there is a strike, not very often.

But every now and then someone does come along and stir them up. It would be amusing,

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if it were not pathetic, to read on page seventeen of the latest report of the Y. M. C. A. Southern Industrial Conference the following story:

“It is all very nice to get up in these meetings and tell these things, but I would like to ask, ‘Why is it that, in some of the mills where they practise just such principles, the men strike without any real grievance or just cause? I have a good friend in Charlotte, a manager of a mill, and he has always been courteous and kind to his employees. Yet two years ago, certain men came into that mill and made two speeches, and all the operatives walked out and stayed out for two months.’”

This was said by Mr. David Clark, editor of the *Southern Textile Bulletin*, Charlotte, North Carolina, and Mr. John Funderburk of the Cannon Manufacturing Company, Kanapolis, North Carolina, added:

“Over at Kanapolis we had the same spirit, but our people were led astray and joined the strike. Even during the strike, however, the same spirit of friendliness between employer

THE SOUTH BURIES ITS ANGLO-SAXONS and employee existed. The workers were free to go to the president and superintendent of our office and talk to them while the strike prevailed. The strike has long since been settled and our people are satisfied and happy and things are going fine. They were led astray."

He did not realize that the strike was a kind of spiritual adventure, which, like the children they were, they could not resist, but had little strength to maintain. These strikes are almost always lost. The paternalism of the mill-owners is exceedingly interesting. It is a matter of pride in one of the large mill centers in the South that a few years ago, when one of their mill-owners was threatened with a strike he said, "If you go out, I will never take you back." He never did. Those that suffered were helped by the Red Cross. The mill-owner contributed to the Red Cross to make it possible for them to feed and support the most needy until they could get a job, but he would not take them back. A distinctly fatherly attitude!

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One gets the feeling when he sees these long, emaciated figures, wan and sleepy-looking and without any vividness or interest, that it were far better that they had remained on the farm and scratched the soil with their nails. It were far better that they had starved on bitter roots, killed one another in long family feuds, that their children had lived in ignorance and had gone barefooted, ridden horses bareback and hunted wildcats, some going to the madhouse, some making moonshine, some escaping barefooted into a mountain or valley school. A few would have gone to the legislature, or become teachers, or perhaps bitter, relentless persecutors of other people. Now and then there would have been a poet or a preacher. There was some escape. The adventure of living was not at an end. They were still free to try the new and the unexpected, to become soldiers and governors, to carry on the great tradition of creating a new and better world if only in a small, bitter, and forlorn fashion. They were not children to be taken care of.

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This is the problem that the mill village is bringing to the South. It is a new conquest by the North, for it is increasingly Northern capital that is building the mills and taking from the South part of its best and most cherished, its most fruitful spiritual fountain. And this new conquest is welcomed with open arms and made much of. The root seems to be in the house. It is that which limits the contacts of the mill children with the world. It is that which makes possible a separation of the people in town from the people in the village. It is that separation which lends to isolation and to inbreeding, it is that lack of contact and fruitfulness in good and great things which leads to their being looked down upon as something from whom nothing good ever comes. And it is that which contributes to the immorality and bad savor commonly attributed to the mill village.

v

The way out is apparently to compel the mill to secure its labor as other industries

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secure theirs, so that they can live in their own or in rented houses, so that some can go to the mill and others to the shop, others to school and still others into politics, into the community. This is a problem for the South. It must save its own people, or they will perish. It must by legislation or public opinion compel that change.

I do not wish to be unfair. It is true that here and there is to be found a cotton-mill manufacturer who recognizes the fact and is striving as best he can against it. These men are usually those who have come from the South and who have a glimmering of the older Jeffersonian democracy bred into their bones. But they are isolated instances. Worse than being isolated is the fact that to stay in the field as manufacturers they find themselves driven to adopt the standard methods and ways employed by their competitors. The tide is heavy the other way. The increasing tendency to build mills in the South makes that a serious and threatening problem. Let me repeat that I am not talking about wages,

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hours of labor, child labor, or conditions of labor. I am talking about the stripping of a large section of the Southern community of its contacts with the world. One mill man was telling me about a strike that they had in one of their mills. He said:

"The department of labor sent a man down to make an investigation. The first thing I told him was, 'I want you to understand that these people down here are not like your furriners up North. They are all good Anglo-Saxon stock. They are the people who made this country. They are just as good as anybody. That's what I want you to know.' And the man looked at me, he did, and said, 'Well, you are the gul-dern'st fellow I ever did see.'"

CHAPTER III

SOUTHERN PRISONS

I

PLEASE, reader, do not read this chapter unless you can steel your heart against pain. It is not a kindly tale. If you are sensitive it will give you sleepless nights and harrowing dreams. I write it because I must. It is simply an attempt to tell the things that good men do to each other, and to women too, all in the name of virtue and at great expense to the State. These things happen to men like yourself and are done by men like yourself—the sufferer and the perpetrator both being unfortunate souls caught in a vortex of passion and hate that drives them to madness and brutality. Unfortunate, ig-

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norant men, strained beyond capacity, incapable of fortitude, and needing some outlet and escape from a fruitless, barren existence impose their wills upon other men more unfortunate and more helpless.

The prisoner is at the bottom of the social pyramid. There is no one below him. The tramp, the vagabond, the fakir, the beggar, the thief, the prostitute, the unskilled and unemployed worker, they are all above him in the scale of things—they have freedom to move, the right to call their hours their own; they have friends, buddies, chums, partners, wife, children, dignity, rights, personality, honor of a kind—they are human and possess the privileges of expressing such personality as they lay claim to by distinctive elements in dress—the right to a patch, a ribbon, a colored shirt, an eccentric hat. They are human. They are people. They have names and are called Mister. The prisoner has none of these. He is stripped of all distinctive marks—of all personality, of all self-assertion. He is a figure in gray

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with a black number painted on him; that is all. And the prisoner is at the mercy of other men so helpless themselves, that his weakness is the means of their strength.

"When I arrived here I knew nothing about prisons," a warden in a Southern prison told me. "The first day a guard came to me and said, 'Warden, I want a man whipped to-night.' Not knowing what to do, I replied, 'All right, I will whip him.'

"That night when I started for the place where the man was to be whipped I heard an army tramping behind me. When I got there I turned around and there were all of my guards—60 of them.

"Where you all going?" I asked.

"There was a minute of silence and then one spoke up and said, 'Ain't you gone to whip a man tonight?'

"Yes."

"Well, we all come to see you do it."

"What's this, a show! You expect me to strip the hide of a man and make the blood ooze out of his skin, and you come to enjoy it!"

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"Some of the guards were so angry at being refused the sight they had come for, that they quit their jobs right then and there—and some of them did not quit quick enough. For, said I to myself, 'If some of my prisoners are no better than some of these guards then I don't want to stay here.'"¹

The prison guard is an unfortunate being. He breathes in a strained atmosphere and has to lean on his gun all day long. He is on duty from sun up to sun down. "The guards were on duty from 4:30 A.M. to 7 P.M."² They have to work every second Sunday; frequently on special duty at night—and all for forty to sixty dollars a month. "The most frequent wage is around fifty dollars a month. Such a wage, coupled with the class of work that a guard on a chain gang must do, does not attract the type of man who is fit to have charge of other men. The guard is usually without an elementary education, often illiterate. He is ignorant, of course, of any method of controlling men, except force."³

Think of what it means to stand leaning on a

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gun all day, 12 to 14 hours out under the hot sun, just stand and look and watch other men, with chains dangling from their feet, working and straining under the burden of fear. One guard said to me, "I is mighty glad when we turns in at night—it must be easier for them convicts. They got something to do."⁴ I talked to the captain of a convict chain gang, a young man of apparently considerable experience in handling men. The party I was with had shared a meal with his guards and watched the prisoners being fed at a long wooden table with the rain pouring in through the holes in the tent. I wondered what the men did for amusement, for change, for variation. I mean the guards, not the prisoners. The captain told me when I asked what they did when they got off at night—which, by the way, was only once a week—"Oh, we runs after the girls," said he.⁴ This, the spiritual and physical protector of some forty men over whose bodies he had absolute charge and could do with as he saw fit! "All guards, under the law, are employed at a

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salary of forty dollars per month. Some of the guards are not desirable at any price, or even though they should work entirely without compensation; they are temperamentally, and from lack of ordinary intelligence, unfitted for this line of service."⁵ This is true of the convict chain gangs scattered throughout the South, but the prison farms are no better. "The guards on these farms were hardened against human sympathy and of a rather shiftless nature,"⁶ and in another place, "We find that the guards in charge of prisoners' work in fields and on the farms, frequently beat them with ropes, quirts, bridle reins, and pistols, without necessity or authority, and that in some instances the guards have ridden over the prisoners with their horses and have set the dogs on them, inflicting serious and painful injuries."⁷

The guard's efforts to amuse himself run to the grotesque and the barbarous. One guard takes a picture of himself with his foot planted on a convict sprawling in the dust. In another place officers surround a poor

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prisoner who is being whipped. The prisoner has to count the number of licks he is receiving. The rules prescribe ten licks at one time—and the guards stand about and amuse themselves by disturbing and upsetting the poor fellow. He makes a mistake and then has to begin the count over again.⁸ All of this is done in a hilarious, good-natured fashion. The guard must be sure of his authority— —at least he must feel that the prisoner is sure of it, and so in many—all too many—convict road camps a new prisoner is initiated so as to impress him with due reverence for his superiors. He is whipped as soon as he arrives at the camp and before he has had a chance to prove his pliancy. An official comment upon this is, "This form of humiliation often causes resentment among the men and is an unwarranted addition to the sentence of the court. The prisoners are punished by beating them, sometimes on the naked flesh with a piece of belting attached to a handle."⁹ This temper is not confined to the guards. The wardens are occasionally affected by it.

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In an open letter to one of the prison commissioners, a released prisoner in a Southern State says, "A number of weeks ago you were in attendance at the clinic. You asked a young man sitting before you barefooted where his shoes were. He told you he had none. Then you asked about his socks. He said he had none in over three months. Then you went for the captain. The captain, turning to you after looking at the boy then said, 'He is no good, judge,' and then turning to the boy said, 'If you so much as open your mouth I will knock you flat on the floor,' and I think no one present doubted that he would do it."¹⁰

Not only does this habitual behavior harden and coarsen those in authority, but it deforms those whom they supervise. Think of the fine temper and self-restraint back of the following—"My spirit is broken but I still have my honor. I have been treated like some brute, half naked and half fed; have been made to get down on my knees and let some man beat me as though I were not a

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human being; have been made the fool's jest by guards. Rather than serve again at the State farm I would prefer the quickest possible death." ¹¹

II

It is difficult to write about Southern prisons in one article. When one deals with the penal institutions of the rest of the country one thinks primarily of the prison—the huge central structure that houses some fifteen or eighteen hundred men. In the South there is more diversity, the thing is more complicated, and the attempt to organize it into a single article is a more hazardous undertaking. Instead of one penal system there are at least three. There is the prison building which resembles that of the North. Then there is the County Chain Gang in a number of Southern States—forty or fifty counties in each State, working prisoners on the public roads, each county more or less having its own system and providing its own management. In addition to that there is the State

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prison farm, a huge tract of land employing hundreds of men and raising cotton, rice, or tobacco. In some of the States there are five, six, and in one as many as nine different farms, distinct in management, in personnel, in types of discipline, and in physical conditions. To all of this one must add the coal mines in one of the States—a system of penal administration all by itself—with the men leased out to a private concern, working for the profit of a large corporation that judges the efficiency of its management by the money made at the end of the year.

This diversity is still further complicated by the fact that the color line exists in the prison. The colored population of the Southern prison is predominant. The management is white. It has certain notions of discipline and control of the colored prisoner which came from experiences outside the prison walls. But the white prisoners do not escape the mood and the temper the treatment of the colored generates—and so they suffer with their darker fellows.

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III

There are two main types of chain gangs. Those where the men live in cages set on wheels and those where they live in tents set on the ground. The chain gang is a peculiar institution. It is made up of chained men—that is men upon whose ankles chains are riveted, ranging in length from 12 to 24 inches. As soon as a man comes to a chain camp he is shackled. That shackle generally stays put as long as he is there—and that may be a lifetime. Each camp has a few trusties. Not very many. Out of forty or fifty men there may be six, sometimes ten. Ten would be unusual. The chain riveted to both ankles tends to drag on the ground and interferes with the working energy of the prisoner. There is therefore another—a longer chain—a kind of cross chain linked at the center of the one that is riveted to the ankles. That chain serves two main purposes. It is used to lift the chain off the ground when the men are working. This is done by sticking the loose

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end through the belt and raising the riveted chain off the ground. Its other use is to chain the men together at night. A dozen men and more will be chained to each other when they are asleep in their beds. There will be a long chain running from one end of the cage to the other. To this chain all the men will be locked by slipping one end of the long chain through the loose end of the cross chain which each prisoner has, in addition to the one riveted about his ankles. This limits the movement of the men to the length of their cross chain. Thus they sleep. Thus they lie in their beds on Sundays. Frequently they are compelled to lie that way when it rains and that may be for two weeks together. The typical cages are small. They stand on wheels. They range from $7 \times 7 \times 16$ to $9 \times 9 \times 20$. The typical cage has some 18 beds. There are nine beds each side of the cage. Three beds lengthwise and three in height, one above the other. That makes the space between the beds very narrow. If the men were free to move about they would have

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little room—but they are shackled. They have chains about their ankles and are often, even in the daytime, locked to each other. That means that the men have no freedom of movement. They lie on their beds their faces almost touching the bed above them. The cage frequently has a tin roofing. On hot days—Sundays, Saturday afternoons, holidays—the sun streams down on the cage and makes an oven of the place, and the human beings in it roast. These cages are not clean. Under this crowding it would be impossible to keep them sanitary.

IV

I shall ask to be excused throughout this essay for quoting heavily from official documents. I cannot ask the reader to believe the unbelievable. “The prisoners slept in a steel road cage similar to those used for circus animals, excepting that they did not have the privacy which would be given to a respectable lion, tiger, or bear.”¹² “At night the prisoners are fastened to a beam with a short chain

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and a heavy shackle . . . men should not be compelled to wear three shackles in daylight (Sunday) and be unable to gather near the stove in winter or to avoid the direct rays of the sun in the summer.”¹³ “The men are often confined in the cages on rainy days and Sundays, without exercise and with scarcely enough room to do anything except lie in their bunks.”¹⁴ “The walls of these cages are practically solid (that is not generally the case) and allow little fresh air to enter in. In one of them twelve men were sleeping in a space about 8 x 8 x 15. It must have caused suffocating heat in warm weather.”¹⁵ “At the time of this visit 22 men were sleeping in a cage only 8 x 8 x 20. This cage contains but 18 bunks so that eight of the men were sleeping double in a bunk of about two feet.”¹⁶ (The reader ought to be reminded here that they were also shackled to each other.) “The night before this visit was made, 19 men slept in a cage only 7 x 7 x 16 feet. The bedding is badly torn and has not been washed in months. Flies are breeding in the sewage

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pit where the soil buckets are emptied.”¹⁷ (This official language is very dull. I could say that I have seen bedding of creeping straw and torn shreds—but really I have no words to describe the conditions.) “At the time of this visit fifteen men were locked in a steel cage in the direct rays of the sun. An idea of the discomfort that the men experienced can be gained by considering the effect of confining fifteen men in very hot weather in a small room with a sheet iron roof.”¹⁸ “At the time of this visit 18 men were sleeping in a cage 7 x 7 x 14, intended originally for only 8 single bunks. The trusties were sleeping in a tent that was full of holes. In time of rain the men have to crouch under the cage or the kitchen car. Of course when they return to their beds they are wet through and through.”¹⁹

The tent camps are probably a little better—but that depends on the camp. It is frequently bad enough. Here is a camp that may be used to describe a goodly number of tent camps in the South. “None of the tents

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have flies or second covers and must leak like sieves in rainy weather . . . the provisions are kept on the ground in a leaky tent and consequently are often damaged by rain and surface water; the bedding is very soiled and is in disrepair; and a number of prisoners have neither beds nor cots; but sleep on boards laid on the ground. The method of disposing of the sewage is most unsanitary. The night buckets are emptied just behind the tent in which the prisoners sleep. This practice exposes men to the unpleasant odors and the danger of contracting disease."²⁰

v

The knowledge of sanitary practice is exceedingly circumscribed amongst the officials in the Southern chain gang camps. One cannot expect too much from the type of person who is given the job—and the many demands made of him are heavy and would tax the ingenuity of better equipped men. But when I first came across the practice of bathing more than one man in the same tub of water—

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without regard as to whether they were diseased or not, I could not believe my eyes. It seemed impossible. I found later that it was not an uncommon practice. I also found that it was not confined to any one State. In all of the States where the chain gang is found there will be found a number of gangs where this is the method of obeying the law for bathing the men once a week. Here are two official notices of the fact: "The practice of having two men wash in the same tub of water should be stopped."²¹ "The habit which is too common of allowing several men to use the same water is dangerous, filthy, and disgusting to any right-thinking man. The man had better be allowed to go unwashed than to mix his dirt in a common tub, thus spreading any skin, eye, or venereal disease any one of them may have to the whole crowd using the common water."²² This negligence does not only extend to the washing and bathing of the men. It is a symptom of the state of knowledge and interest in the welfare of the men. Vermin-ridden prisoners

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who have just come from some dark and filthy jail are permitted to mingle with the rest of the men without any cleaning process, and they are compelled to take any empty bunk that is available regardless either of its state of repair or the condition of the prisoner who has just vacated it. "If the prisoner is infested with vermin he should be rid of the pest before allowing him to mingle with the other convicts. The common disregard in this respect is in the matter of bedding; most foremen simply allowing the new prisoners to take what he finds in the cage not in use, without caring whether it has been used by other prisoners or not."²³

These unsanitary conditions are not confined to the chain gangs. They are true of many Southern prison farms and prison buildings. Here is an example: "We find that the sanitary conditions at the main penitentiary were extremely bad, unhealthy, and obnoxious . . . that the mattresses and bedding were old, dirty, and full of vermin."²⁴ "The bedding of the prisoners is old, worn,

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torn, and unsanitary, often covered with all manner of loathsome vermin and insects.”²⁵ In this particular last quotation there is an addition that must be included. “Prisoners were found in one instance chained in their bunks by a heavy trace chain, one end of which was padlocked around the prisoner’s neck and the other end securely fastened to his bunk.”²⁵ Let me finish the description of the sanitary condition by a short quotation from the official report of a legislative committee in one of the States in the South. “The beds were infested with chinches that ran in droves, and not merely a few.”²⁶

VI

The feeding of prisoners ought properly to be a highly specialized technique. But it is not. Anyone can cook for the prisoner—and anything is good enough, providing there is plenty of it. But, of course, even that is not always the case. The men are underfed in many Southern prisons and prison camps. Not only does the food lack variation, not

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only is it unsanitary, not only is it often of deteriorated materials, but frequently there is not enough of it. A woman prisoner who has smuggled out a letter writes, "I suffer from actual hunger all the time."²⁷ In a recent open letter to the prison commission in his State, a discharged prisoner charges that, "Men go to sleep so hungry that they wake up trying to feed themselves in their sleep."²⁸ An official investigation in one State prison remarks that, "We must say that the variety of food fed in most instances is very poor, and the variety and the grade of meat fed the prisoners in most instances is insufficient."²⁹ Another investigation notes that, "The prisoners were fed peas and beans infested with weevils and worms, and also were supplied with strong and unwholesome meat, and that there was a lack of variety in the food furnished."³⁰ And one ex-prisoner who is fighting for an improved State farm writes, "The great improvement now in feeding at the farm is the change from peas to collard greens, but there are long worms in the collards, whereas

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there were only small weevils in the peas. The jest of the guards is that, 'You should not complain, you are getting more meat (worms) with the collards.''"³¹

VII

I was climbing the stairs in an old prison building. A prison officer without uniform and unshaven, with club in hand, and a batch of heavy keys on a large iron ring, preceded me up the stairs. "You will be interested in these fellows—and they are happy too," he added, confidentially. As we were going across the yard he told me that if I gave them a quarter they would sing for me—"and they sure can warble if you only get them right." Up the stairs, darkened by barred and shadowed windows, I climbed. At each landing—and there were three of these—the guard opened a heavy iron door with one of his heavy keys. Just before reaching the top—before our heads could be seen—the guard hurriedly touched me by the arm, and placing a finger over his lips, said, "Sh—

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listen." Slowly, mournfully, with gathering force and fervor the strains of "Nearer, my God, to Thee" reached me. There was a pathos and a sadness in those tones, a melodious and passionate self-surrender that melted and softened the greatest of all fears—the fear of death. For these men who sang were all condemned to die—and there were about fifteen of them. On tiptoes—slowly, silently we climbed a step at a time till our heads reached just above the floor—so that we could see them without intruding our presence. Inside of a large iron cage—occupying the greater part of a bare loft—we saw some fifteen kneeling figures lost in the strains of their own singing. Their hands crossed, their eyes lifted to heaven, their bodies swaying in harmony with the tones, their voices mellow, passionate, tearful, gathering strength from each other, verse after verse, till the end. We broke their mood by appearing on the scene. "Here is a stranger who would like to talk to you," said the guard. Like children, a little bashful, suspicious, they slowly came forward

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and looked out of the cage, their white teeth shining against their dark faces. They were ready to tell their story and to ask for information. I had no information to give—no advice to offer. I gave them what I could for little things and they sang for me—I protested but they paid back the only way they could, by singing some songs of the South. A white prisoner—a hunchback and cripple—was sitting on the floor, leaning against the wall. He was their guard. He was locked in with other prisoners on the same floor—but he was outside the cage and satisfied such little needs as he could in his helpless way, and guarded them, too. It is hard to describe the scene and the emotions it roused. Were one to abandon oneself to the feelings that the very memory of it awakens, one would draw the heart strings in agony and fill the breast with fury. On the floor in the cage—on an old mattress and covered with a dirty blanket—lay a sick prisoner. He coughed and spit intermittently. He had been sick a long time. No one paid any attention to

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him. Then the guard said that he would come to in time. Perhaps.³²

VIII

This illustrates the negligence. I am not accusing anyone of brutality. All that I am saying is that these men know not what they do—and do that the best they know how. They are callous and lack understanding. This is the only explanation I can accept. Men are not so brutal as the facts in this essay make them seem to be. They just do not know better. How do you, how can you explain the following story of the treatment of the sick in Southern prisons? And what is here quoted is drawn from five different States, and is representative. "At the time of this visit three prisoners were sick in the cage, one of them apparently being quite ill, but no physician had been called. One of the men was said to have been sick intermittently for a month, yet he had received no medical attention."³³ Another investigation in another State describes:

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"Three of these were sick men. Two of the sick were confined in one cage. The sick men in the regulation cages have tuberculosis. They have each been in bed a month, one has still ten months to serve, the other eleven. Both of these men have temperatures. No sleeping garments are provided for them. They have on the regular convict stripes. The third man has running syphilitic sores on his legs. The tubercular patients have no receptacles to expectorate in, consequently they use the ground, the floor of their cage, and anything that is convenient. There are no screens on the cages or in the kitchen to protect the food. Flies are swarming everywhere. . . . The filth of the bedding and the sleeping quarters of this camp is indescribable."³⁴ Here is another from still a different State. "The sheets of the beds in the T. B. camp were fearfully marked with the sputum of the patients, they were covered with flies, the exposed parts of the bodies of the sick were covered with flies—everything was badly soiled. . . . There was no water for

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the men to bathe in.”³⁵ And in another State, “We found men suffering from advanced stages of syphilis and tuberculosis working side by side in the fields with other men, and sleeping side by side with them at night, eating out of the same utensils and using the same sanitary necessities,”³⁶ and here, “What your committee saw on this farm is almost beyond belief. Tubercular convicts, poorly clad, and poorly shod, working in the cold rain. It was shown by testimony taken at this farm that the prisoners, when without temperature, worked nine hours a day and sometimes longer, and showed that they were hung in chains for slight violations of the rules . . . that they were compelled to live in buildings that leaked when it rained and were not furnished with a sufficient amount of nutritious food.”³⁷ Just one more illustration. “On the morning of August 31st, Keelan is reported to have complained of being ill, but was required to go on with his work. His work, however, was unsatisfactory. The foreman and a guard whipped

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him on his naked flesh, using the leather lash. At dinner that day, Keelan did not eat and continued to complain of being nauseated. That afternoon, according to testimony of prisoners, he was compelled to attempt to work until he fell in the road for the fourth time. After that he was said to have been abused and kicked by the foreman; after his death physicians found abrasions upon his arm and upon the upper part of his back. Finally he became unconscious, but was reported to have been left lying in the hot sun for about fifteen minutes before he was moved to the shade of some pines where he died.”³⁸

IX

I have so far described the guards, the sanitation, the food, and the treatment of the sick —a description that covers practically all of the Southern prisons. I now am to describe the disciplinary methods. Frankly I hesitate to subject the reader to the tale of horror that is involved. I will only cite a few instances—and those of the milder type.

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A prison investigator writes that, "Within the last year I have personally visited a good many convict camps in the State and found straps weighing from five to nine pounds."³⁹ When such straps are applied to the naked flesh of a man who may be drawn across a wheelbarrow, with one man sitting on his head, one man sitting on his feet, and one stuffing a dirty rag in his mouth, while the fourth man does the whipping, you get this: "In several places the skin had been beaten from his body, leaving abraded surfaces that were raw and discharging."⁴⁰ Here is another instance of the same type. "There is evidence of brutal treatment on his wrists and legs that will remain for all time in the form of scars. On each wrist at the outer base of the thumb deep holes were worn in the flesh by the handcuffs, as a result of the hanging."⁴¹ One State farm is described as showing that "they had been lacerated by dog bites and testimony was developed that said lacerations had been inflicted under the direction of the sergeant after the escaped

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convict had been caught.”⁴² “We have seen white men who have suffered all these acts of cruelty and men who have suffered even more than this.”⁴² A guard had told me that when they killed an escaping prisoner he was allowed to lie in his tracks till midnight and then drawn into the prison camp, the sleeping inmates awakened and made to shake hands with the dead body.⁴³ It ought to be added that these things frequently happen where there is specific legal provision against them, where there is constitutional provision against corporal punishment.⁴⁴ And one might add that the investigations which have repeatedly taken place in various Southern States have almost invariably brought with their recommendations one to the effect “that we recommend that the prison commission abide by the law of the State.”⁴⁵

X

In one of the prisons the guards are composed of prisoners armed with high power rifles. These prisoners are usually men who

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have long sentences—frequently men who have committed murder. They are instructed to kill any man attempting to escape. If they succeed in killing such a one they are pardoned. It puts a premium on murder. It means that a man who has been sentenced to life imprisonment for the killing of two men may regain his freedom again by killing a third.⁴⁶ In one State⁴⁷ where the lease system is still in vogue the legislative committee reported that "It is next to impossible for the average citizen unfamiliar with the conditions to grasp or comprehend the horrors attending such a system. It is hard to describe the cruelty, woe, and misery. His physical, moral, and religious welfare are as completely abandoned as if he were a brute."⁴⁸ This relates to the lease system in the mines. The leases are so worded that "when maimed or injured he has no remedy, however great may be the negligence, or however willful may be the act causing his injury."⁴⁹ One of the best known prison investigators in the country, and a man whose integrity is beyond

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question, who made an investigation at the special request of the governor reported that "Out of 388 deaths of convicts in four years' time 72 were killed by accidents, being 29 per cent of the deaths."⁵⁰ . . . He also reported that the lease system in the coal mines gives an extraordinary opportunity for the development of the grossest kind of immorality. . . . "I have reason to believe that it probably involves not less than 25 per cent of the convicts."⁵¹ In spite of all this the lease system has been extended for the third time. It had been legislated out of existence in 1921; the Legislature changed its mind and extended it to 1924, and very recently it has again changed its mind and made 1927 the year at which the lease system is to end.

The condition of the women prisoners is most deplorable. They are usually placed in the oldest part of the prison structure. They are almost always in the direct charge of men guards. They are treated and disciplined as men are. In some of the prisons children are born in prison—either from the

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male prisoners or just "others." In one institution the women are living in a firetrap with the doors locked on the outside and the key in the hands of a young man.⁵² One county warden who had State prisoners, amongst them women both white and colored, told me in confidence, "That I neah kill that woman yesterday."⁵³ She had lost her temper and cursed one of the guards. One of the most reliable women officials in the South told me that in her State at the State farm for women the dining room contains a sweat box for the women who are punished by being locked up in a narrow place with insufficient room to sit down, and near enough to the table so as to be able to smell the food. Over the table there is an iron bar to which women are handcuffed when they are strapped, and on the wall there is the sign, "Christ died to save sinners."⁵⁴ The woman prisoner who smuggled out a letter writes, "It (the prison) is built in the order of a zoo, having cells on each side of a passage ending up with a bull ring. We are in the sole charge of a man

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and subjected to every humiliation it is possible to conceive. The only exception being he does not force himself upon us, but he has forced women in nude state to bathe before him, comes into the bath room at all times, he compels us to keep our cell doors open all day. We have absolutely no exercise. The mode of punishment is flogging with a split hose containing holes so that each lash raises and at the same time breaks the blister. . . . Last week the woman over my cell was flogged 35 lashes I counted."⁵⁵ An official report in one of the States indicates that "We also found in the female ward sweat boxes just large enough for a person of normal size to be confined, said sweat boxes contained chains for the purpose of preventing the prisoners incarcerated therein from assuming a squatting position. These sweat boxes had no ventilators."⁵⁶

x1

The quality of the intelligence that supervises the penal system may be judged from the

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following lists of offenses. The first also contains the appended punishments⁵⁷:

Laziness.....	8-10	lashes with a strap
Impudence.....	10-12	" " " "
Insolence.....	8-10	" " " "
Disobedience.....	10-12	" " " "
Fighting.....	10-15	" " " "
Inferior work.....	8-10	" " " "
Stabbing.....	15-20	" " " "
Destroying property.....	10-12	" " " "
Attempting to escape.....	20-30	" " " "
Escaping.....	20-40	" " " "
Feigning sick.....	8-10	" " " "
Disturbance in cell room....	10-15	" " " "
Using bad language.....	10-12	" " " "
Sodomy.....	10-20	" " " "
And for other minor offenses	8-10	" " " "

(I beg the reader to observe that the exact difference between impudence and insolence is four lashes. This method might well be copied by dictionaries and we would be spared the uncertainty of words.)

An efficiency explanation for whipping is the following from a letter by a warden in one of the Southern prisons: "Bread and water do very well in prisons where the prisoners do not work—but where they are employed the strap can be used, and in a few

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minutes the party be put back to work again without losing any time to speak of." ^{**} ..

Here is another list of offenses. In this prison they use the strap, solitary, and bread and water. Men may be punished for:

- Altering clothing
- Singing
- Whistling
- Talking
- Creating a disturbance
- Failure to make satisfactory progress in school
- Gazing at visitors
- Having papers when not in cell
- Inattention
- Laughing and fooling
- Losing an article of clothing
- Quarreling
- Neglect to obey laundry rules
- Soiling books
- Replying when corrected
- Using improper language
- Using objectionable language
- Profanity
- Vulgarity
- General crookedness
- Breach of trust
- Immoral acts or conversations of any nature
- Laziness
- Misrepresentation

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Other offensive acts
Smoking cigarettes
Bed not properly made
Clothing not in order
Communication by signs
Dilatory
Hands in pockets
Hair not combed⁵⁹

These are but a few. There are a good many others. But enough has already been cited to show the character of the disciplinary intelligence back of these rules.

It is good to turn from this to tell of the important changes that have been made in the physical structure in the penal system of Alabama under the excellent and enlightened administration of W. F. Feagin—who unfortunately has been relieved of his position by the new governor. It is also good to be able to record that Governor Thomas E. Kilby of Alabama ordered the abolition of whipping on July 11, 1922. One must also record with pleasure and commendation the very excellent work of Warden Blitch at the State farm at Railford, Florida.

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In a few short years he has raised the Florida State farm from one of the worst to one of the best in the South. Unfortunately this praise for the State farm cannot be extended to the Florida county chain gangs which are still amongst the worst in the South. The current revelations about floggings in Florida will undoubtedly lead to important changes. They have already resulted in the formal abolition of whipping.

It would be unfair to the many men and women in the South to leave this picture of Southern prisons without specifying at least a few of those who have striven to improve penal conditions in their respective States. It would also be unfair to fail to add that their labors have not been in vain. They have done much to lighten the burden of the prisoners in the South; and they have done it in the face of much criticism and misunderstanding. I can only mention the few with whose work I am best acquainted: Mr. Frank Bane in Virginia, Dr. G. Croft Williams and Mr. H. C. Bearly in South Carolina, the

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Committee of One Hundred and the *Greensboro Daily News* in North Carolina, Mr. Joseph P. Beyers in Kentucky, Mr. Burr Blackburn and *The Macon Daily Telegraph* in Georgia are among the most conspicuous in the attempt to improve the conditions described in this essay. The obstacles in the way of improvement are illustrated by a recent incident in the State of Georgia. Governor Hardwick issued an order abolishing whipping. This order roused a storm of criticism. The county commissioners called a special meeting. They condemned the Governor for his action. They passed a resolution requesting the next legislature to "deprive the Governor of the right to set aside rules governing the inmates of the State penitentiary of the Prison Commission" and they also passed the following substitute for the rule of whipping which the Governor had abolished.

"They (the county wardens) shall safely keep all prisoners submitted to their charge, rigidly enforce discipline by the use of such

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humane modes of punishment as will best enforce submission to the authorities and compel and induce the performance of good and faithful labor during work hours, such as solitary confinement, restriction of diet, restriction of privileges of receiving visitors, and other privileges usually accorded first-class prisoners, using shackles and chains and handcuffing their hands and feet, in an elevated position above their heads, while they are compelled to stand in an upright position, and such other mode of punishment as will suggest itself to the warden in charge and is suitable to the situation."⁶⁰

This is not to be taken to mean that every prison, every chain gang, every farm, every guard and warden are as they have been described in the above. That would be unfair to many good men who are doing the best they can. But the standards are very low. The most progressive institutions are the girls' reformatories—and one of the best of these is the institution at Gainsville, Texas, in charge of Dr. Carrie Weaver Smith.

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Lest the readers of this should be under the delusion that the rest of the country is so much better, let me remind them that the cruellest form of punishment, the strait-jacket, is still used in one prison in the North; that flogging is still practiced in the Middle West; that dark dungeons with hot irons and chains riveted about the ankles are still used in the far West; that in the Southwest one warden wrote, "for serious offenses cold baths—ice is cheaper here than in the South. We like bread and water diet with solitary confinement"; that some of the States have iron cages made to fit the body, and at least one of them has steam pipes on the side of this iron cage; that solitary confinement and dark cells are almost universal.

XII

In the face of the facts presented in this chapter the movement for prison reform seems inadequate and insufficient. There is much sentiment for a comprehensive change in the penal system—but for some reason

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the official prison reformers have found it difficult to organize, direct, and give form to this background of sentiment. It is true, of course, that the task of organization, propaganda, and formulation of programs is difficult. But that is not the only reason—perhaps not the main reason for the failure of the American prison reform movement. The greatest progress made to date is in the reform schools for girls. That difference is due to the type of person who has gone into the work—scientifically trained women interested in the social problem; a fortunate development for which the prison reformers can claim little credit.

The main difficulty seems to be in the apparent inability to secure unity of purpose and method, achieve a common organization, and subordinate personality to the greater end of ridding the United States of this wracking of human bodies to no useful purpose. To me the work of T. M. Osborne seems most enlightened and consequential. But the problem of leadership is a lesser

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problem. Why is there no systematic organization in all of the States under a comprehensive national program? Why and for how long must the prison reform movement be subordinated to minor differences of opinion hinging upon personality rather than upon aim?

CHAPTER IV

THE SINGLE CROP. ITS SOCIAL CONSEQUENCES IN THE SOUTH

I

THE beautiful, sunny South is afflicted with a plague, a white plague—cotton. This is the outstanding fact about the South, especially in the rural South, and it is mainly rural. Indeed, cotton, instead of being a blessing, a beneficent, fortunate thing, is almost a curse. It certainly is a burden and a drag upon the life and spirit of the people in the South. Cotton is not only king; it is tyrant, and the people of the South, old and young, are its slaves. I say this deliberately, purposefully, and say it despite the fact that cotton has been the pride and the boast,

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almost the worship, of the people whom it has taxed beyond mercy.

To the cotton crop is to be charged not only the poverty of the rural community, not only much of the difficulty of the race problem,¹ not only the spoliation of one of the richest soils in America, not only farm tenancy, not only the low standards of living and the small money income, but the eternal friction between debtor and creditor, the laziness, near-peonage,² monotonous diet and its influence upon health, the lack of proper schooling,—really the impossibility of maintaining schools,—the constant migration of the farmer, the lack of civic interest and of civic pride, the neglect of politics, the migration to the mills, the absence of attractive homes, the lack of cattle, and the shortage of milk for growing children. All of these evils are chargeable to the cotton crop, directly or indirectly.

The list is not complete. One must add another thing—spiritual stagnation. Cotton-growing limits interest, limits technic,³ limits spiritual growth, makes people narrow, single-

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grooved, helpless, and subjects them to what one man has called "the new slavery"—a slavery of whites as well as of colored.

The cotton-grower of the South is not a farmer. He thinks he is; but this is mainly a delusion—a delusion shared by other people. The fact of the matter is that the cotton-producer is either a petty speculator staking his fortunes upon the price of cotton, or a laborer working for a meager and indefinite money income. The majority of cotton-growers are tenants, and a tenant is a laborer who has sold his heritage for the doubtful privilege of being "run" by another human being, a more fortunate one.

We think of the American farmer as an independent, upstanding, self-sufficient person. We picture a family unit living on its own land and asking favors from no man, except that of being let alone. This picture is not descriptive of the cotton tenant. He does not own the soil he tills. He does not work for himself. He does not own the house that shelters him. He does not raise sufficient

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food for his family. He frequently does not keep cattle, horses, sheep, pigs, chickens, ducks, pigeons, or geese. He does not plant an orchard and watch it come to fruition. He does not stock his barns with feed and fodder. He does not live in the same county for generations. He does not raise a family of stalwart sons who settle on the ancestral home and improve their heritage. He does not have a cellar stocked with manifold preserves, canned fruits, and salted meats, with barrels of cider to sweeten the winter evenings. There is no pride in the home, no pride in the fruits of the earth, no self-sufficiency, no independence, no true citizenship. He is a kept man. He is "run" by the local merchant. Even the owner too frequently depends upon the local merchant to supply him with food for his family, with tools for his farm, with work animals, and with seed for his crop.

Southern tenancy is a white man's problem.⁴ Two thirds of the tenants in this region belong to the race that claims the best of the world's traditions for itself. But they have

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become propertyless, homeless migrants. The tenant farmer in the United States moves, on the average, every two years. In the single-crop areas, cotton and tobacco, restlessness seems more insistent, and he moves more frequently; in many instances every year, sometimes every six months.⁵ They carry their few belongings with them; their children, a little bedding, an occasional cow, a mule, a dog. They seek another farm, a more fruitful one, while the landlord scrutinizes prospective tenants, on the lookout for one better than the last. The cropper, of whom this transiency is most true, forms one fourth of the tenant class, 225,000 in number. "The cropper owns nothing but the simple things in and around the cabin. Usually he owns no work-stock and no farm implements, or not enough to count in the year's bargain with the landlord—land, dwelling, fire-wood, work-stock, implements, and from time to time small advances of money and pantry supplies to help him produce the crop are supplied by the landlord."⁶

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The single crop demands two things that are beyond the farmer's reach—extensive credit and elaborate marketing machinery. He needs much credit, because his crop compels him to live on a money economy. His farm ceases to be a self-sufficing unit, raising almost all of its vegetable food and depending upon its home-grown animals for meat.⁷

Tenancy is increasing in all cotton areas. The farmer wants money, the tenant wants money, the cropper wants money, and in their efforts to get it, each of them increases his burden of debt.

The single crop makes the farmer dependent upon a money income. His money, however, comes but once a year, and so he has to borrow against his crop. The failure of a crop or the over-production of a crop leaves him in debt. To escape his indebtedness he increases his money-crop acreage and neglects his subsidiary crops, food, animal fodder, and other things that would ease the burden of indebtedness by making him less dependent

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upon the creditor, the local bank, the local merchant. What he needs is money, and in his effort to increase his money income he places himself in a position where he has to purchase for cash many of the things that he could easily raise for himself if he were not so anxious to escape his indebtedness. His attempt to escape the money-lender enmeshes him more securely in his clutches.⁸

This lure of the money crop has led to the path that thousands have followed from ownership to tenancy. What is true of the owner is still truer of the tenant. He is in greater want. He has less security to offer. He is a poorer man, and he needs the money more. His interest charges are likely to be heavier, sometimes twenty per cent. heavier, his purchases greater in proportion, his indebtedness more cumulative. Instead of coming out even at the end of the year, he is a little behind. He must begin borrowing for the next year as soon as his crops are sold. This eternal penury is still more characteristic of the cropper. The cotton-grower has

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ceased to be a free man. He is a dependent, an humble subject of the creditor.

II

The local creditor is a consequential personage in the community. He has accumulated much land in the years since the Civil War. Some of it accrued to him by foreclosure, some of it cheaply when the over-taxed farmer sold out and departed for the city, or gave up the struggle and became a tenant. The creditor usually lives in a neighboring town. He is the important local merchant and banker. He is the master of the destinies of the community. In some counties there are forty or more, in others, according to close students of the situation, only two or three such men.⁹ The acceptance of credit by the cotton-grower is synonymous with the renunciation of freedom. The creditor becomes the dictator of the farming operations. He has to do it. He must know how much cotton his debtor will grow, for cotton is the money crop. His reimbursement de-

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pends upon the amount of cotton grown. He therefore stipulates for an excessive acreage of cotton. In extending credit, he takes into consideration the number of hands (children) that are apt to do the work. He decides the extent, the kind, and the amount of crops to be grown. He supervises the planting, the cultivating, and the harvesting. He prods the negligent and pats the industrious. Cotton is a precarious crop, and he has to protect himself against possible loss. Neglect, disease, climatic influences, sickness, idleness on the part of the debtor, the possibility of a poor crop—any of the thousand vicissitudes of the single crop may interfere. He has to charge a heavy interest. He does that to defend himself. It is the only condition that makes credit extension possible. But this situation increases the speed with which a single-crop area is forced into tenancy, into dependence upon the creditor, into dislike of the creditor, into viewing the creditor as the great and conspiring enemy of the farmer. If the crop fails, the farmer has to

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pay. If the crop is a bumper one, then he has to pay again. He has overproduced, and his product is a drug upon the market.

The creditor has been accused of being rapacious. The charge is probably undeserved. He has simply protected himself in a hazardous undertaking.¹⁰ He has to be businesslike; for cotton-growing is a business, a commercial, not a farming operation. The debtor, too, is often lazy. People have said that he is in debt because he is lazy. But that is again unfair. He is lazy because he is in debt. Hard work seems to make things worse rather than better.

The local merchant is frequently the creditor. He sells to the tenant his implements, his food, his seed, his mules, his wagon. Everything that the debtor requires is purchased from the same source. It has to be. These things are sold on time and at great risk. This makes prices disproportionate. The cash purchaser may save as much as twenty per cent. The cumulative effect of all these factors drives the community to an

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ever-increasing excess of cotton-growing. And the increasing cotton acreage strengthens the hold of the creditor upon the cotton-planters.

The creditor class dominates the rural community. They own the fertilizer-plants, the oil-mills, the banks, the warehouses. They dictate what shall be grown and by whom. They are the politicians, and control the political destinies of the community. They dictate the election of the sheriff, who sees to it that the lien laws are enforced to their satisfaction. The local judge, the member of the legislature, the district congressman, are their protégés. They are masters of the community politically as well as economically.

This is the first of the important consequences of the cotton crop. It leads to a concentration of land, of economic power, and of political influence in the hands of a small group of creditors, and reduces the actual growers of cotton to a state of dependence upon them not unlike that of the worker upon his employer.¹¹

The facts of the tenancy in the single-crop

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area are startling. Their spiritual and social consequences are deplorable in the last degree. They are socially disintegrating and morally perverting. Cotton and tobacco are ideal tenant crops. They can be produced by untutored labor. They are cash crops. They are not perishable. They cannot be eaten by man or beast. They are easily stored and shipped. They can be held against a poor market. They are largely hand cultivated and hand harvested and need the use of little machinery. They have all the qualities which fit them for the reduction of large portions of the Southern community to a slave status, under the dominance of the single crop.¹² The census report states prosaically, "In the South there are large numbers of tenants who do not look forward to ownership and for whom tenancy is a normal economic situation."¹³ The report ought to add that these numbers are increasing and that they are increasing because escape from tenancy is almost, if not entirely, impossible.

Here are some facts to ponder upon. Forty

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years ago a little over one third of all the farms in the sixteen Southern States were worked by tenants. To-day one half of all the farms, in the cotton and tobacco area nearly three fourths, are occupied by tenants. These farms number 1,591,059, and the bulk of them are to be found in the eighteen hundred cotton- and tobacco-producing counties.¹⁴ The following comparative figures give the relative positions of owners and renters: North Carolina, 43.5 per cent. are tenants; South Carolina, 64.5 per cent.; Georgia, 66.6 per cent.; Mississippi, 66.0 per cent.; Alabama, 57.9 per cent.; Louisiana, 57.1 per cent.; Texas, 53.3 per cent.; Arkansas, 51.3 per cent.¹⁵ These facts but barely suggest the significance of the situation. To understand just what it means, one must realize that in the thirteen States producing cotton as a cash crop, 61.5 per cent. of all tenants are white, and only 38.5 per cent. are colored. In other words, it is not true, as is frequently assumed, that tenancy is a racial matter in the South, that it is a part of the negro problem.¹⁶ It is a problem largely

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arising out of the growing of cotton to the exclusion of feed and food crops. The negro complicates the situation, but is not responsible for it. The fact is that the colored farmer is purchasing land and becoming an owner more rapidly than the white. In the last forty years, while the white farmer has been retrograding to tenancy, the negro has, in large numbers, become a landowner. If one add the figures for the three other Southern States, the ratio of white to negro tenants is even higher. There are 154,348 more white than negro farm tenants in the South, and with their families they outnumber the negro farm tenant population by 800,000. There are more white than negro tenants in eleven Southern States; and in Texas, which is the greatest cotton-producing State, four fifths of all the farm tenants are white.¹⁷

Tenants operate more than fifty per cent. of the improved land in Georgia and South Carolina, and over forty per cent. in Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Alabama.¹⁸ These figures mean that there are

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thousands upon thousands of men who do not own an inch of the soil they till; that in many cases their fathers did not own the farms upon which they were reared, and their own children are seemingly predestined to toil upon other people's land—landless men unto the fourth generation and longer.¹⁹

The second consequence of the cotton crop is thus tenancy—landlessness for those who till and toil to enrich the South.

III

The tenant is a migrant. He is a wanderer and a homeless one. This is the impressive fact about tenancy. It drives its victims from farm to farm, from community to community,²⁰ always with the vain promise of better fortune,²¹ but always at a greater social cost and increasing individual deterioration. It is estimated that three hundred thousand farm tenants move every year in the United States. In the South they move more frequently than in areas with more diversified crops. In some instances they move every

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six months. The contract is a yearly one. It is generally oral, and comes to an end as it began, with a nod of the head.²² This constant migration in the cotton and tobacco area plays havoc with schools, with civic interests, with home life, with the church, and with responsibility. It is a constant running after the will-o'-the-wisp. The tenants become a reckless, roving people who every so often collect their "trifling" belongings and move to another place. Before they have had time to make friends, before the children have become acquainted with their new teachers, before the sense of home has developed, they are on the move again, wandering over dusty roads, hauling a refractory pig along, and belaboring a balky mule.

This vagrancy is an eternal tragedy. It makes a home impossible. It explains the poor, unkempt shacks that disfigure the country-sides, the unpainted, the unplastered hovels, with insufficient cleared ground, destitute of an orchard, a garden, a fence.²³ Their habitation is frequently a two-room affair,

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with a lean-to for a kitchen stuck on as an afterthought. Occasionally all the children sleep on the floor, in a pile of cotton, burrowing deeper when cold.

The household equipment is meager: a bed, a table, a stove, a skillet, a few chairs, some dishes (often cleaned and scrubbed till they shine), some poor trinkets, a fly-blown picture of George Washington or Robert E. Lee, possibly, on the unplastered wall. Professor Branson, describing such homes, says, "In more than half of these it is possible to study astronomy through holes in the roof and geology through cracks in the floor."²⁴ Joseph T. Holleman laments, "They build no homes, they live in rude huts, no flowers about their dwellings, no trees to shade them from the sun—consumed by the summer's heat and chilled by the winter's cold—no lawns about their houses, no garden fences; and with the accursed cotton plant crowding the very threshold of their rude dwelling and thrusting its limbs into their very windows, their lot is pitiable indeed."²⁵

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The conclusion is inevitable: cotton has pauperized the rural South. I hardly dare leave this statement in my own words. I beg the reader to turn to a short study entitled, "How Farm Tenants Live," written by Professor E. C. Branson and J. A. Dickey. There he will learn that the average cash income of the cotton farmer in two counties in North Carolina is as follows:

	<i>Cents per person per day</i>
White farm-owners.....	34
Black farm-owners.....	32
Black renters.....	16
White renters.....	14
Black croppers.....	10
White croppers.....	8

These figures have been arrived at as a result of a house-to-house study under the auspices of the University of North Carolina. It is only the beneficent climate and the merciful creditor who extends a few "pantry" supplies that makes life possible in these circumstances.²⁶ The meager existence that these

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figures imply is all that the toil of the whole family makes possible. Father, mother, and all of the children contribute to the making of the money crop.²⁷

Such poverty is deadening. It places books, music, art, all cultural things, beyond reach. Conveniences, necessities even, decent clothing, shoes, proper tools, the services of doctors and dentists, are frequently not within the tenant families' possibilities.

Material poverty is wedded to spiritual numbness. To be a cotton farmer, especially to be a cotton tenant, means not only that you are poor, but that the onerous burden of earning a living deprives your children of the fullness of life that comes from proper schooling and sufficient play. The cotton tenant pits the labor of his children against the owner's lands and goods.²⁸ This explains the concurrence of tenancy and illiteracy. Invariably, tenancy and illiteracy crowd the same counties.²⁹ The tenant moves at the beginning of the year. Before the children have picked up the threads of the new school,

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the short term comes to an end. Frequently, indeed, he does not start his children in school in the fall if he plans to move at the end of the year. He needs their labor to help him make the money crop. In an investigation of rural school attendance in Tennessee it was found that seventy per cent. of farm tenants gave this as a reason for not sending their children to school regularly.³⁰ These findings check with studies in other Southern States. The scholastic attainments for nine tenths of the croppers' children seem to extend only to the fourth reader.³¹ Their parents, on the other hand, lack books, newspapers, magazines, interest in the world beyond, and knowledge of new and better things.

The single crop apparently destroys interest even for the owners. It was shown in one investigation that as against fifty books per family of owners in diversified-crop areas, there were only twenty-one per family in single-crop areas. Sixty tenant families out of a hundred and twenty-nine in this latter area had no books at all. What is true of

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books, is also true of newspapers and magazines. Out of a hundred and ninety-one owner families and one hundred and seventy-seven tenant families, thirty-seven owners and one hundred and thirty-nine tenants took no newspaper; eighty owners and one hundred and twenty-six tenants, no farm papers; and a hundred and eleven owners and one hundred and fifty-three tenants no current magazines.³²

This illiteracy, this lack of reading matter, this seclusion from the world of ideas and information, contribute to the monotony of the cotton farmer's and cotton tenant's life. Theirs is an almost empty existence. Cotton-growing is a meager spiritual resource. The farm lacks cattle, horses, sheep, and chickens. It lacks the variation of interest and effort that comes from the upkeep of a rounded farm property, from that of cutting the hedge or painting the barn to looking after the heavy-laden cow with her promise of calf and milk, or the young colt that heeds no fence and swaggers with pride in the face

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of even the most coaxing attention. All of this is absent. Nor is there any interest in the scientific upbuilding of the soil, rotation of crops, or the cultivation of legumes.³³

Tenancy depletes the soil. Millions of acres in the South give eloquent testimony to this. These acres have been despoiled and left to lie idle. The tenant is not a conserving, constructive, upbuilding person. It is not his soil. He has neither the patience nor the time nor the interest nor the means to preserve and improve the riches of the land that feeds him. He is a laborer working upon another's ground. He is anxious to get what he can out of it and to move away to a new and possibly a better land. He does not concern himself with the rotation of crops. That is a long-range program, and the tenant lives both on short rations and on short notice, a yearly contract. He does not grow legumes, alfalfa, beans, and such other enriching crops. He does not keep cattle; he needs no fodder; he has no manure. The things that farms are conserved with and the things that come

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from such conservation are beyond the ken of the tenant.

Studies in tenancy show that in one place out of a hundred and ninety owners, one hundred and twenty-four were interested in legumes; but out of one hundred and seventy-three tenants, only fifteen showed any such interest. Most important and significant of all, out of one hundred and ninety owners, eighty-two were interested in live stock, while only thirteen tenants out of one hundred and seventy-six were so interested. The tenant cannot be interested in cattle. He moves so often that farm animals are a hindrance and a nuisance. It is thus that the rich lands of the South have to so large an extent become "cowless, sowless, and henless" farms.³⁴

IV

Such an economic background is a poor stimulus to social life in an agricultural community. First of all, there is visibly a distinction of social status between the tenants

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and the owners, which contributes to the continuance of the old opprobrious term, "pore white trash." The tenants, especially the croppers, are left out of the local activities of the community. They are strangers in the neighborhood. They have no friends and are looked upon as outsiders.³⁵ The memories of the good times, the dancing and the card parties, the community gatherings, the "log-rollings," and the house raisings of long ago are remembered with a sigh by the older inhabitants, who regret the coming of these stringent days in which dancing and singing have been banned by the unlettered rural preacher. The "frolic" of older days has been outlawed. It has, however, been replaced by the more secretive and less innocent pastime of "craps," at least in many regions.

Studies of rural social life in single-crop areas have shown that there are few parties, few picnics, few dances, and fewer public meetings. In one locality over seventy per cent. of the people had not attended a party during the year, over ninety per cent. had

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not been to a dance, over eighty per cent. had neither participated in nor attended an athletic exhibition, and over seventy per cent. had not been to a public meeting.³⁶

And in one county only one family had seen a moving-picture show during the year. The tenants hardly ever go out of their district except when they move, and moving has not exactly the flavor of a recreational interest. The weekly visit to the nearest town is the only break in the monotony of life. This monotony is so great that a public hanging has been known to attract mothers, with children in their arms, who have come trooping for miles to get some contact with other people. Tenancy is a blight upon the only center of social life in the rural community—the church. In counties where tenancy prevails the church is rapidly deteriorating. The tenant is both a stranger and a poor man. He lacks Sunday clothing, and on occasion he lacks the penny to put in the collection-box, and is often too proud to go where he cannot pay.³⁷

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The only agency still left to the rural cotton community is the protracted meeting, with its frenzied religious excitement. Everyone goes to that. Some go to get religion, others for the thrill and the joy of the shouting and the singing. Even the doubting souls gather; many who come to "scoff remain to pray." Religious intensity in Southern rural communities is in part a compensation for all the long and weary hours that strain the nerves and dull the imagination.³⁸

It is significant to note that illiteracy goes with the tenancy. And also that it is in the illiterate counties that lynchings most frequently occur, and crime is most prevalent. A study of the rural South shows that there is a remarkable correlation between illiteracy, tenancy, and lynching. The lynching party is an escape from a dull monotonous world at the other extreme from that of the protracted meeting. But the two things serve a similar end—release, excitement, and emotional outlet.

To all of this one must add another evil—

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poor health and the drabness that come from a meager and unsatisfactory diet. Corn-bread and salt dried pork are the staple foods. Occasionally the cotton tenant may have field peas, beans, sweet potatoes, cabbages, collards, or turnip greens. The diet is thus characterized by excessive starches, fats, oils, and sweets, with a minimum of eggs and lean meats.³⁹ It was shown in one investigation of a single-crop area that tenants bought ninety-eight per cent. of their flour, and that they consumed half as many chickens, eggs, and only half as much milk as the landlords' families of the same size. Frequently they had not milk enough for growing children.

This deficiency of diet in the rural South contributes materially to the scourges of pellagra, tuberculosis, and hook-worm. A considerable proportion of those rejected by Southern draft boards in the late war suffered from one of these three diseases.

This deficiency of diet is a serious matter. The three great scourges of the South, pella-

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gra, tuberculosis, and hook-worm, are materially identified with a disproportionate and ill-balanced diet. It is now a well established fact that pellagra patients are benefited, especially when not too far advanced, when supplied with a well-balanced food ration. It is also a matter of common knowledge that tuberculosis lends itself to much curative treatment through a sufficiency of proper food. While it is more doubtful whether hook-worm is as much dependent upon proper diet as the other two diseases mentioned, it is yet claimed that the nutritive values of the food eaten are a factor both in the development and in the treatment of the disease. One is in fact compelled to ask whether another aspect of the influence of the excessive cultivation of cotton in the South is, in addition to tenancy, poverty, debt, and intellectual stagnation, the ruination of the health of a considerable proportion of those who spend their lives in its production.⁴⁰

This is written to raise a question rather than to point a moral. What happens to an

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agricultural community when it concentrates upon the cultivation of a single crop?

I am here concerned with cotton. But the question raised applies equally to tobacco, wheat, sugar, corn. The simple fact that nine tenths of all the tenancy is in single-crop areas, cotton, corn, tobacco, and that the greatest increase in tenancy during the last decade has been in the wheat area, suggests the significance of the question I am asking.

What does occur is apparently the following: a single crop develops tenancy; it causes migration of the farmer; it reduces the farmer to the status of a city worker; it depletes the soil; it places the producer of the crop at the mercy of the creditor; it affects the literacy and the schooling of the community; it destroys civic interest; it fosters local political bossism; it stimulates agrarian discontent; it affects the social life of the rural community; it destroys the traditional stability of the farmer; it hastens removal of the farmer to the city; it kills, or nearly kills, the

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local church. To put it in a single sentence, it seems to industrialize the farming community and to make of the farm an outdoor factory.

What is obvious is this: the single crop is an essential to the modern world. We need cotton, tobacco, sugar, wheat, corn, henequen. We need these things because we are an industrial community. The production of these crops tends to set in motion certain factors which at least to date have led to the destruction of the farm, the cherished, self-sufficient, independent farm community upon the traditions of which we have been reared. Industrialization of the world leads to the single crop, and the single crop to the industrialization of the farm. Build a factory community, and it will gradually make a factory of the farm as well—a factory without walls, but suffering many of the evils of factory life. When one glances over the single-crop area with this analysis in mind, the situation seems significant. In Mexico, Morelos and Yucatan, the two single-crop areas, had

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the greatest slavery and the most bitter revolution and are now the most radical. In Yucatan the Government, in its attempt to escape the consequence of the creditor essential to the single crop, has taken upon itself the financing and selling of henequen, governmental control of a farming process in an attempt to escape the economic consequences of the single crop. This, too, seems to be the ideal aimed at in Morelos, to control sugar and its effects upon the community. This makes the attempt to build State elevators in North Dakota seem to belong to the same kind of process—to escape the creditor and the merchant who had become the controlling factor in the wheat belt. The Non-Partizan League is a political attempt to escape the economic consequences of the single crop. And perhaps the traditional radicalism of Kansas may be found to reside in the same factor; and the "Farm Bloc," too. I have gone to all this length to raise the question because it would be misleading to discuss the cotton crop and its consequences without

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pointing to the fact that it is a particular instance of the influence which a single-crop economy exerts in changing the character of an agricultural community. It ought to be added that in each case the cultural situation, the climatic and the racial factor, as well as the nature of the crop itself, modify the character of this influence—an influence which is bound to have far-reaching consequences.

CHAPTER V

THE PROBLEM OF SOUTHERN SOLUTIONS

THE range of discussion on the negro problem has been wide and varied. The literature on the subject is voluminous and rich in many things—passion, hate, love, remorse, bitterness, and despair. There is strangely little that is calm and deliberate, little that is written in judicious temper, and less with a frank recognition of all the elements involved. There is an emotional bias in the discussion; there is a point of positive dogmatism which, in the face of the facts, is both disconcerting and futile.

Neither dogmatism nor emotion is very helpful in a difficult situation; and, above all, the negro problem is a difficult problem. In fact, it is not one but a thousand and one

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problems; and there is no clear-cut formula and no magic rule. *There is no solution.* That is something that people have not been willing to face. A solution must be had. It must be had immediately, without delay, and it must be efficacious, final, and Utopian. Yet solutions are not available for real problems; all that may be arrived at is attenuation, relief, a resetting of the strain, a removal of some of the friction. All that may be asked for is a change in the relative position of some of the factors, for the problem, as a problem, remains in a new form—possibly under a new name—but it remains, and taxes the ingenuity of man to a greater subtlety and more finesse.

How much more evenly the world would go if honest men could but learn to know that there are really two kinds of solutions—the possible and the impossible, and that the impossible ones are no solution at all. An impossible formula is a kind of emotional substitute for a facing of the facts. It is an escape from the problem. The real reason

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so much energy is expended in behalf of the impossible is because the possible is difficult and inconvenient. The impossible plan is a kind of magic formula. It is a promise of relief from a difficulty by some simple process—generally an emotion, a peculiar belief, or the hope of some cataclysmic occurrence. Generally too it is to be achieved by wishing to achieve it, by believing that it will occur, by prayers and sacrifices of some special kind. It partakes of the nature of magic, and like all magical things it is sufficient. It will arrive suddenly, it will give no pain, it will relieve the difficulty forever. It has all virtues—except one—it does not bring any perceptible change in the situation and leaves the difficulty where it was. It stands in the way of any real effort by diverting interest and attention from the facts in the situation, and raises emotional tangents that block honest effort to face the problems.

When one reflects upon the literature of the race problem in the United States, one is astounded at the amount of writing, talking,

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agitating, and dreaming which have been centered about these impossible suggestions. There are good-natured, naïve, and simple minded people who keep on saying to the South that what is needed—and of course is possible—is that the South should forget its memories. That is all. It is not said in plain words like these, but it means the same thing. People repeat, day in and day out, that all that is required is for the people in the South to go to bed one night and wake the next morning loving their neighbors like themselves. Now, that is not a hard thing to do. If you believe it can be done, it can be done. The fact that it has never occurred, that there are no real grounds for assuming it will happen within any immediate future, is no reason why you should not both believe in its possibility and talk about it also. In fact it helps to keep you from doing anything real about the problem, and it thus serves its purpose to him who would wish himself out of a difficulty rather than work himself out of one.

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If you do not recommend to the South that it forget its memories, there are people who suggest that the thing to do is to go color blind. Of course people do not say that in so many words either. They do, however, say that there is no race problem if you don't think there is one. If you don't think there is a race problem, if you do not see differences in color, if you do not recognize certain patent facts, these facts don't exist. That again is a kind of excuse for avoiding responsibility. If there is no race problem then I have no real responsibility. And seeing that I do not wish any real responsibility I simply solve the problem by denying its existence.

Another type of refuge from facing actualities in the South is to suggest that the South has to begin all over again. What is needed is that the slate be wiped clean, that a resolution be made, that a new beginning be publicly registered. That of course seems easy. But it is impossible. If only—but there are no if's except in the realm of wishes. There can be no new start at all. One might as

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well suggest to a person that he cannot be saved unless he be physically born again. If the South is to do anything it must be done with the fact in mind that there are prejudices, memories, hates, fears, doubts, misgivings, passions, hopes, dreams, and gnawings of the heart. That those are there, and in a measure constitute the raw materials which must be drawn upon in the adjustment of the problem.

I use the word adjustment deliberately. The race problem cannot be solved. There is no solution which can be devised that will do all of the things a solution would have to do: remove not only the difficulties but all the traces of it. There is no solution for the race problem. And one might add that that is true of all fundamental social problems. There are new realignments possible. Attenuations, adjustments, removal of the accumulated strains, the development of a technic for further improvement, yes; but sudden magical solution there is none at all.

Not only are magical solutions impossible, but even certain seemingly practical programs

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that have been seriously suggested, and upon some of which much elaborate effort and enthusiasm have been thrown away, belong to the same category of an emotional expiation. There are people who are still talking about the removal of the negro to Africa. That is one of the things that will never be done. The reason is, that it cannot be done. There will never be possible in America a policy so consistent and deliberate as that involved in the transportation of ten million human beings to a barren country. It would of course take an enormous effort nationally and ten million human beings are not merely shipped out like ten million grains.

The negro is so well rooted here, both politically and economically, that the wrenching of internal social life in America resulting from any such deliberate policy would be appalling. It would be equivalent to a revolution or a war—and still leave the problem unsolved. The mere time it would consume and the resources it would call upon, not only in taking up the strains here but in establish-

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ing a material equipment in Africa, would cause a change of heart and an abandonment of policy even, if ever we could become worked up to a national passion sufficient to make the attempt. But that attempt will never be made. It cannot be made legally. The negro would have to consent, and beyond a limited number, consent would be out of the question. Nor would the rest of the country acquiesce. When one remembers the millions of dollars poured into the South for educational purposes by Northern Church organizations, one reflects that the attempt might cause a profound internal struggle, but it would not effect the transportation of the negro.

Another solution of a similar type is that suggested by people who would give the negro a state; move him there and let him govern himself. A state in the union hermetically sealed up for generations. If people were not such eternal romanticists one would simply have to laugh at the suggestion. It involves all of the difficulties of the African

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project, and a great many more—one of them the simple fact that there is an increasing ebb and tide in American life, and that there are no internal barriers that would sustain the eternal pushing of human flux to a common level.

In fact there are even people who still think that the negro problem will solve itself suddenly, passionately, righteously, and with fervor—by a general massacre. One would hesitate to mention that if one had not been compelled to listen to people who said—that it will be done. It was not suggested that there will be malice, deliberateness, preparation in it. No. Only some day a great tragedy will occur. A great passion will arise, a great blood letting will take place, and the thing will be done—and then the act will seem righteous and just. The years will pass and the wounds will heal and the deed will be hallowed. That is a subtle suggestion.

There is real danger of a great tragedy. When one remembers East St. Louis, Chicago, Atlanta, and Washington, one remembers

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that it might have been worse. But fortunately for the white race the negroes are learning to fight. I say fortunately, because it is not good, spiritually, to slaughter the weak and the innocent. It is wholesomer to kill a man who is defending himself—and who may make you pay the full price. There is some compensation in that. But we are still in danger that a great passion will some day sweep the South and parts of the North, especially with the increasing bitterness and separation of the races that has come with the educational and industrial activities of the negroes. But that of course would not solve the problem. Beyond making us a nation of murderers it would only aggravate the situation. For not enough murder could actually be done to change the situation—and if it could we would be beyond the need of solutions.

The trouble with the South is not that it has a negro problem. The trouble is, that it is over-conscious of the problem. One might use a psychological phrase and say

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that the South is suffering not from the negro problem so much as from an emotional fixation upon the negro. What the South needs first of all is not a solution of the negro problem, but a breaking down of this intense set on the negro which is actually making any solution impossible. What the South needs is a breaking up of the intensity of feeling upon the issue. It needs objectivity. If the South is to face its problem it must be objective about it, no amelioration is possible without such a mental attitude.

Here are two examples of Southern opinion on the negro, both reflecting what I mean by an emotional fixation. These two examples are drawn from the extremes in Southern life and opinion. The first is from Page and the second from Bran the Iconoclast.

"Not the peril, perhaps, of fire and massacre, but a peril as deadly, the peril of contamination from the overcrowding of an inferior race. All other evils are but corollaries; the evil of race conflict, though not so awful as the French Revolution or San

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Domingo; the evil of growing armies with their menace to liberty; the evil of race degeneration from enforced and constant association with an inferior race: these are some of the perils which spring from that state of affairs and confront us.

"At one more step they confront the rest of the Anglo-American people today. For the only thing that stands today between the people of the North and the negro is the people of the South. The time may come when the only thing that will stand between the negro and the people of the North will be the people of the South." ¹

And the second:

"I once severely shocked the pseudo-philanthropists by suggesting that if the South is ever to rid itself of the negro rape fiend she must take a day off and kill every member of the accursed race that declines to leave the country. . . .

"We have tried the restraining influence of religion and the elevating forces of education upon the negro without avail. We have

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employed moral suasion and legal penalties, have incarcerated the offenders for life at hard labor, and hanged them by the neck in accordance with statutory law. We have hunted the black rape fiend to death with hounds, bored him with buckshot; fricasseed him over slow fires and flayed him alive; but the despoilment of white women by these brutal imps of darkness and the devil is still of daily occurrence. The baleful shadow of black hangs over every Southern home like the sword of Damocles, like the blight of death—an avatar of infamy, a decree of damnation. There is not today in all this land of Christ an aged mother who is safe one single hour unless guarded by watchful sons, a wife who may rest secure beyond the reach of her husband's rifle, a female infant but may be sacrificed to feed some black monster's lust the moment it leaves its father's breast.

“In the name of Israel’s God what shall we do?

“This condition of affairs is becoming

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intolerable. A man's first duty is not to an alien and inferior race, but to his family. . . . Drive out the 'nigger' young and old, male and female—or drive him into the earth. It may be urged that the 'good negro' would suffer with the bad. It is impossible to distinguish the one from the other until it is too late. It were better that a thousand 'good negroes,' if so many there be, should suffer death or banishment than that one good white woman should be debauched. . . .

"The negro has been the immediate cause of more bitterness and bloodshed than his entire race, from its genesis to the present, is worth, and will continue the fruitful cause of trouble so long as it is permitted to remain."²

Such writing and thinking lack the emotional balance which must underlie any reasonable treatment of the problem in hand.

One might really say that the trouble with the South is that it has not trouble enough. It suffers consciously from only one major affliction. It has only one great fear. It has only one great topic of conversation; only one great

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center of emotional excitation, only one scapegoat. What the South needs is more trouble—so that it could diversify its passions, its fears, its hates—and see them all a little more reflectively, a little more passively, a little more objectively.

This great emotional fixation has a background of fear. That is the canker that is eating into the vitals of the South. I do not mean physical fear. It is deeper and more fundamental than mere fear of physical violence. There is an underlying current of apprehension that the South will be outstripped in population by the colored as against the white. It is fear of losing grip upon the world, of losing caste, of losing control. This fear is not always conscious. It is not always evident. But it is the force back of the generous condemnation of the negro. It is the factor that underlies much of the talk of inferiority—of pointing a moral why it must not, why it cannot, why it may not happen.

I recall talking to a man—a man of high

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standing in his State, a scholar of much learning, and he said to me: "We will paint this State red before we paint it black." I was startled, not by what he said, because he was simply repeating what another man had said, but by the tone in his voice, by the temper back of the sound, the sudden hardening of muscles and surge of emotion that the words brought to his face. It is this fear that colors all of the talk about the negro, and as long as it exists there is no possibility of securing in the South a general program that will lead to an amelioration of the situation. I am saying that bluntly and deliberately. What is needed is that the South should learn to be afraid of other things as well as of the negro. What the South needs is a greater variety of hate, a greater opportunity for a diversification of emotional exasperation, and unless, and until, it secures that it will not achieve the state of mind which will make rational dealing with the present problem possible. Nothing can be done in term of the present factors.

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To give this general statement greater poignancy I will venture upon a positive illustration. It is not possible in the South to raise any of the great social problems that confront the modern world and achieve a rational program as long as the current complex of race antagonism is an isolated fundamental in the situation. Let me illustrate. The South has many real problems centering about health. The ravages of tuberculosis and syphilis are great, and yet no real or far-reaching program is possible in the present complex of things. If it were suggested that a basic health program were to be instituted, and it were also made evident, as is the fact, that any health for the white population depends upon health for the negro—that you cannot cure tuberculosis in the white community unless you also cure it in the colored community—the program would have to be abandoned. Especially would this be true in those districts where the negro population is large.

The whites are in fear of being outbred.

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They could not look with favor upon a large-scale program of child care, and child saving. The fecundity of the colored race is so great in comparison to the whites that there would immediately arise an underground pressure of public sentiment against any program of basic health activity in the community, which would, as it must inevitably do, cut down the death rate of the negro also. Any-one acquainted with the hearings before committees in Southern legislatures upon problems of social legislation will recognize the truth of this statement. I am of course not accusing the whites in the South of anything that the whites in the North, or in the West, or anywhere else, would not do under the same conditions—especially if they had the same background of experience and emotion. I believe in facing a fact as such and not slurring over it. The fact is that the whites will promote no health program in the South, the end of which would be the probable rapid increase of the colored population to the proportionate decrease of the whites.

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and their inevitable loss of control. That is all.

In the present situation, as the forces are now related, a program of genuine social legislation is impossible. There is only one way out. The present relations must be upset by the introduction of new factors—new elements. The South needs to stop being afraid of the negro. That, however, will occur only when the specter of negro dominance disappears. Destroy once and for all the fear of negro preponderance and the whole scheme of negro baiting, negro hatred, negro complex, lynching and terror will go simmering by the board; and the elimination of this fear is the real problem that the far-seeing people of the South must undertake to achieve. This is a specific problem which can be achieved. It cannot be done without much trouble, without raising many new hatreds, without some violence—I mean riots and other things—but that is the price that will be paid anyway, regardless of programs.

It must be evident therefore that any pro-

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gram concerned with the negro problem must serve two ends. It must increasingly weaken the fear of negro dominance and at the same time divert some of the emotional bias now generously lavished upon him. As matters stand the South finds itself in a vicious circle. It fears the negro and yet it loves him; loves him in his place if you will, but fights for his retention. Here is a paradox. You will hear the same person, within five minutes, denounce the negro in vehement terms, and express a feeling of appreciation for him and an insistence that he is better off in the South, that he is better treated, that he has a better opportunity, that, in fact, he is happier there than he can possibly be anywhere else. Without disputing such an opinion, or insisting that it is not compatible with itself, it is necessary to recognize this simple fact: the South is afraid of the negro. It is afraid to keep him and seemingly even more afraid to lose him.

Anyone acquainted with the impediments that were put in the way of labor agents,

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with the fact that in places labor agents were driven out by mobs during the war, that legislation was passed making it difficult if not impossible for agents to come into the rural South and move the negro away, anyone who knows that, will recognize the fact that it is afraid of losing him. This resistance to the negro's leaving did not come to an end with the war, but is evident today. There is legislation pending in many States impeding the free movement of negroes from State to State.

And yet that movement of the negro to other sections of the country is the first step in any alleviation of the racial situation in the South. Were the leaders of the South facing the problem, they would welcome gradual migration of the negro to other sections and attempt to replace him by foreign labor. That of course sounds easier than it is. But the difficulties in this case ought to be the special inducement for undertaking it; it would bring new problems and with them new spiritual goods.

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Before turning to a fuller discussion of the questions involved in the coming of foreigners to the South I wish to discuss a little further certain aspects of the migration of the negro. If the negro goes from the South to any perceptible degree—as seems likely at present—a far-reaching economic and social revolution will occur in the South. The negro has been the background of much of the economic life in the South. He has been a basic factor in the production of cotton; he has been the laborer. His previous condition of servitude has left him and his masters with a technic of social relationship which cannot readily be carried over to any other group. That will be the first great difficulty.

Even more important, however, than that will be the inevitable change in attitude towards the negro. The communities relieved of the fear of negro dominance will strain themselves, as they are already doing in places, to keep the negro by giving him better schools, better homes, better conditions of life and labor, a better social status. All

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of these factors are bound to react powerfully upon the attitude towards the negro. You can't really hate people whom you put yourself out to serve. That is one of the great promises in the situation—it foreshadows a new emotional realignment between the races. With the disappearance of fear and the growth of anxiety to keep the negro in the South, because the South wants the negro and knows him, must come a gradual attenuation of feeling, a newer and broader sympathy for the negro.

The migration of the negro will have other far-reaching consequences. It will, if there is any intelligence in the distribution of this large mass of colored workers, be a very important factor in breaking down the self-righteous, holier-than-thou attitude on the part of the rest of the country. It will make the negro problem a national problem rather than a sectional one. It will give the North and the West an opportunity to exhibit the greater wisdom, intelligence, and kindness of which they have been boasting. It will

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put their protestations of good faith to the test of experience, and, from indications already available, it is very doubtful indeed whether they will do better with it than the South has done.

But better or worse, more generous or less, kindlier or more brutal, it will be better for the negro, and better for the South, and better for the country as a whole to have the colored population ultimately spread over the entire country, becoming participants of the life of America on a national scale and contributing to the making of the future community everywhere, rather than in one section with undue pressure and unavoidable bitterness. The making of the negro problem into a national problem is one of the things that ought to be welcomed by all concerned. This embedding the negro into the vitals of America everywhere must in the end result in a better adjustment and greater accommodation than is possible under present conditions. It will in addition have another very important consequence—the South will be

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freed from being the sole bearer of the strain, of the heart burnings involved in the friction of the races, and achieve greater tolerance, less pride, more humility, and greater willingness to accept criticism, when the difficulty is a national rather than a sectional one. For the burden of the accusation will be in terms wholly of the problem itself, uncomplicated by concern with one section of the community.

This migration of the negro, which is now taking place, ought to be welcomed, encouraged, and guided. There ought to be a national policy of guidance for the migrating negro labor on the part of the Federal Government. But what seems certain is, guidance or no guidance, encouragement or no encouragement, the negro is gradually drifting out of the South. It is doubtful whether he will ever go in sufficient numbers to make him a negligible factor in the South. That will probably never happen; certainly not within any immediate future. What we may look for, however, is a sufficient migration to make

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the negro a valued possession by the South and compel the welcoming of an immigration of foreigners. That last step will in some ways be even more difficult than the consenting to the migration of the negro. And yet the coming to the South of foreign labor is an imperative matter for its spiritual as well as its economic—not to say its racial—well-being.

The South needs the foreigner. It needs him for its own sake and not for his. It needs him who has a different farm technic, who knows how to cherish the soil, to develop diversified crops. It needs him to take the place of the migrating negro and carry on the economic life of the South, it needs him in its developing industries, it needs him to break the emotional concentration upon the negro—it needs him because if he comes in large numbers it will learn to fear and hate him, and fear and hate are healthy things in a community—if it is not too single-minded fear or single-minded hate. A community must have a scapegoat and it is better to

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have a diversity of scapegoats than one. It needs him also because a scattering of the immigrants through the hills and valleys of the South would prove a blessing to the strains of youth and manhood that have been isolated and locked up to go on inbreeding.

The South needs foreign immigration as a tonic to its spiritual and social well-being. This statement will rouse vehement protest. There is a kind of pride of race in the South that is well-nigh morbid. There is an insistence on superiority, on the fullness of spiritual possession; an insistence that the South is the standard bearer of Anglo-Saxon ideals which will resist any suggestion that it needs the foreigner. This implicit claim of all the major virtues bespeaks a bulwark of defence against internal doubts and external criticism. There is entirely too much protest on this score. It reflects a sense of weakness which needs bolstering and support from continued repetition. Nor is there in all of this a suggestion of criticism against the South. To maintain a position of dominance, in the

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face of a large negro population on one hand and continual self-defence against criticism by outsiders on the other, has made the strain of self-conscious virtue inevitable. Dominance generates a dominate mood and self-defence engenders a righteous temper. But such a state of mind, except on the battle field, is weakness rather than strength. Self-criticism and the recognition of the legitimate criticism of others is essential in a world of give and take such as a democratic and industrial community involves.

The facts, however, are as they are. The immigrant in the South will receive scant welcome, even less than that accorded him by the rest of the country in recent years. And yet if the South is to escape the vicious circle of abusing the negro because it fears him, and fearing him because it abuses him, it must draw foreign immigrants into its social fiber.

The specific reasons for this resistance are numerous enough. There is the apparent fact that if the foreigner is to stay in the South

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there must be a greater pliancy of temper and attitude towards him than that shown to the negro.

But a change of habit, ingrained by generations of dominance towards a socially and economically inferior group, is a difficult matter. There still persists a notion of inferiority towards those who do the work of the world. Any discussion of immigration in the South always raises the point: "We know how to get along with the negro." There is an ever-present assumption that the foreigner will not be so easy to handle. He will be more rebellious, more self-assertive, demand higher standards of living, insist on greater social equality. This is all true enough. But instead of being an evil, instead of being an argument for his exclusion, it is precisely the reason why the foreign immigrant should be welcomed with open arms. Spiritual regeneration will follow resistance, from a group against whom permanent and eternal barriers cannot be constructed. There will be a softening of temper, a readier ac-

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ceptance of opposition as essentially desirable in a democratic community, and it will compel a revaluation of values to the gradual discovery that there may be good and beautiful things beyond the immediate racial unit.

An even more fundamental cause for opposition to foreign immigration is to be found in the fear that the foreigner will lack sufficient resiliency in his resistance to the negro. This is a basic matter and cannot be passed over with a mere statement. It is apparent to any observer that the attitude towards the negro in the South is saturated with the traditions and prejudices generated by many years of intense history. The strained relations, the difference in color, in race, in economic status, are made more pregnant by emotions that have persisted from the days of slavery, from the smouldering memories of a bitter civil war and the scars of the days of reconstruction. This historical residue is a part of the present situation. It is here that one must search for the roots of the moral fervor in the relations between the races.

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There is genuine reason to fear that the immigrant will lack the imaginative resistance to the negro—because he will lack the Southern background of tradition and memory. He would not have the emotional tension in the matter—and would lack the proper fervor; he might in fact relent somewhat in the insistence upon racial integrity. One can point to France and to the Latin American countries for evidence that such an occurrence is at least not wholly beyond range. It really is more than a mere conjecture. Flood the South with some ten million foreigners to supply the retreating negro's place, to carry forward the new industrial development that is just ahead, to take up the millions of idle acres of fertile lands, and as is inevitable under the conditions, let this flood consist, as it must, to a predominant degree of young, unattached men, and the problem of maintaining complete separation between the races, so difficult at present, will be even more impossible.

Yet—and this too will seem like a great

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heresy—such a difficulty as is here indicated would be helpful rather than harmful. The mere presence of millions of white men in the South, whose attitude towards the negro lacked the emotional tinge characteristic of the average white Southerner, would tend to soften, to dilute and ease the intensity of the total white community. It would contribute to the growth of the objectivity, essential in any rational and reasonable consideration of the problems involved between the races. Another aspect of the same matter is to be found in the fact that the mere dread of such an eventuality would tend to divert some of the fear and hate of the negro to the immigrant white population and thus also help to ease the strain against the negro. It would raise new conflicts which would become centers of interest, opposition, activity, and emotional concentration. It would break up the emotionally solid white group and weaken it.

Another reason still for opposing immigration to the South is to be found in the latter's

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intense religious and racial self-consciousness. It is hard to overestimate the fervor, the intensity, the passion back of the assertion that the South holds aloft the torch of Anglo-Saxon ideals, racial integrity, and religious purity. Even amongst highly cultivated and educated Southerners one occasionally finds an almost startling self-assertiveness in the matter. I have seen it go to the extent of regretting the entering of young Southerners in Northern Universities on the ground that their religious faith is undermined. There have been sporadic movements to build a great Southern University so as to make it unnecessary for the Southern youth to go to places like Columbia and Chicago—not because the education they would get would be better, but because there would not result the dissipation of religious intensity and sense of great racial pride.

In the face of such a state of mind the incoming of large masses of foreigners with their varied racial strains, their different cultures, their many tongues, their different

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religious faiths would seem like a great despoliation, a great devastation; like the final deluge and the uprooting of all values worth retaining. This is no mere academic state of mind. It is vibrant with passions that surge to the front at any suggestion of criticism or doubt. Yet here again, the thing would prove a blessing in disguise. The gradual Americanization of the white foreigner, the gradual intermarriage, the slow process of adjustment, the passionate struggle for the preservation of the things held sacred, would all be valuable interests and emotional diversions, tending to destroy the morbid pride of race and the bitter sense of religious righteousness. The path in such an adjustment would be long and full of strife, but it would serve useful spiritual ends.

In this discussion I have omitted certain economic and social results that would emerge from any heavy migration to the South, such as the readier transition to a diversified crop, the speedier industrialization of the community, the introduction of newer racial

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strains—especially in the rural sections with their healthy rebound upon decrease of in-breeding. I have left these out because they are the more obviously present things in any consideration of the problem.

The South, in a search for solutions, must turn to the gradual migration of the negro and his replacement by foreign labor. These two factors are the only available means at hand for the breaking up of the emotional concentration upon the negro, the gradual achievement of objectivity in attitude towards him, the slow softening of the burden of fear and hate that has scarred and seared the South to this very day.

Before bringing this chapter to a close there are two other factors I wish to mention. The industrial development of the South has been closely bound up with one industry—the manufacture of cotton. This country has lent itself to the development of a feudal type of industrial organization, which has carried over to the “poor white” something of the attitude derived from the treatment of

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the negro as a slave. If the South is actually to achieve full spiritual status it must rescue those men and women from a state of spiritual dependence upon the mill-owner. This can only be done by organization of the workers into labor unions.

I recognize, of course, that any such suggestion will be resisted; that it will be a costly adventure, that it will bring bitterness and hate. It will, however, also bring manhood, integrity, and self-reliance. The South will need these men to help merge and adopt, as well as assimilate, the immigrant; and to give them back their manhood they will have to be organized. Under present conditions the individual mill-worker is a helpless and impotent being. Self-reliance can only come through the group and with it.

The wiser leadership of the South will encourage such a resurrection on the part of the hundreds of thousands of mill people as one of the greatest spiritual gains of the Southland; and this in turn will give a healthier tone to the whole social problem

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in the South. It will not be done without much friction, without blood-letting, perhaps; but the wiser and more generous spirits of the South will welcome the strife and the pain involved in the organization of the workers as a small payment for a great gain.

The other point is the question so often raised: "What will be the final outcome of the race problem in America?"

Experience would dictate the recognition that there is no finality in social relations; that there is always a beyond, beyond the projected final. It would compel the recognition of the simple fact that an end is but the beginning of new ends. Common-sense would suggest the gradual distribution of the negro throughout the land; the giving to him of the opportunities he needs for his growth and use in the world—the leaving of the "final" outcome to determine itself.

There is much need for the simple recognition of the fact that hermetically sealed solutions and formulas stay sealed only in the closed brains that conceived them. It

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will take a bold and brazen soul indeed to venture the prophecy of what will happen a thousand, two thousand, or ten thousand years hence. It is best to be humble and stand with bowed heads before the inevitable.

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As this book is based upon first-hand investigations the notes are used to indicate corroborating material and not as evidence of original sources. In the case of the chapter on Southern Prisons it was thought best to place the facts beyond dispute by giving them in official language. The chapter on the Single Crop embodies much illustrative material from the studies of Professor E. C. Branson and especially from the work of Mr. E. C. Gibbons contained in the volumes on Rural Child Welfare published by the National Committee on Child Labor. I used these studies because they are of very recent date, and because they are specific and authoritative, thus giving the facts a validity that no merely personal observation can claim.

CHAPTER I

1. *The Ku Klux Klan*, by J. C. Lester and D. L. Wilson. New York, 1905.
2. *Negro Year Book, 1921-1922*. An Encyclopedia of the Negro. Compiled by Monroe N. Work, Director Department of Records and Research,

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Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, pp. 417-426.

3. *Ibid.*, pp. 338-351.
4. *Ibid.*, pp. 243.
5. *Ibid.*, pp. 243-245.
6. "It is interesting to remember that the original Ku Klux Klan was organized in a small town by a few young men in search of some amusement to pass away the idle hours that followed the Civil War and that the growth in the rural districts was more rapid than it had been in the town. . . . The news that the Ku Klux Klan was spreading in the country excited the attention of the country people more generally than the existence of the Klan in the town had done."—*The Ku Klux Klan*, J. C. Lester and D. L. Wilson, New York, 1905, p. 69.
7. Here are two indications of the fact that the people in the South are not entirely oblivious to the question here raised. "No two races can live side by side, the one strong and well, the other weak and diseased; the one clean and moral, the other unclean and unmoral. In connection with the negro I use the word unmoral advisedly. He came from Africa without morals, and he still has what he brought. Has the white man made any sincere effort to inculcate morals in the negro? Is not this still the most favorite subject of the white man's joke? It is a rather nasty kind of a joke, for it has its boomerang. Occasionally there is a black body burned at the stake or riddled with bullets. Remember, too, it

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is not the pure-strain negro who is found coveting social equality—it is always the mulatto!"

This is taken from an article by J. Ross Snyder, B.A., M.D., in the *Southern Medical Journal*, January, 1923, Vol. xvi, No. 1, pp. 9-10. The second quotation is from a statement issued by the Georgia Women's Inter-Racial Committee and is to be found in the *Negro Year Book, 1921-22*, p. 8:

"The double standard of morals which society passively permits is rapidly producing results that imperil the future integrity of our national life, and we are persuaded that this problem can never be solved as long as there is a double standard for men and women of any race. We appeal for the creation of public sentiment which will no longer submit to this condition, and declare ourselves for the protection of womanhood of whatever race."

8. Waco, Texas, news dispatch, May 27, 1923.

CHAPTER II

- i. Professor Brodos Mitchel in his volume *The Rise of Cotton Mills in the South* quotes Mr. Charles McDonald of Charlotte, N. C.: "North Carolina has within its borders more Anglo-Saxon blood than any other state in the Union. There is no better blood in the United States than in the cotton mills of North Carolina," page 172; and on page 173 he quotes Thompson, "These people

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are Americans and hundreds could qualify as Sons or Daughters of the Revolution."

2. The reason for these early marriages is given by Rev. E. Wetner, D.D., as "Many girls and boys of seventeen and sixteen marry for no other reason than to get away from home with its misery and monotony and most of such early marriages that have come under my observation have become new cemeteries of more misery." *Child Labor Bulletin*, May, 1913. Vol. ii, No. 1.
3. Southern Industrial Conference, Y. M. C. A., Blue Ridge, North Carolina, 1922, pp. 37-38.
4. Whole No. Bulletin 175, U. S. Labor Statistics, 80-82.

CHAPTER III

1. Warden Blitch of Raiford, Florida.
2. Hastings H. Hart. *Social Progress in Alabama*, 1922, p. 34.
3. *The Bulletin of the North Carolina State Board of Charities and Public Welfare*, Raleigh, N. C., First Quarter, Jan.-March, 1923, p. 14. Also *Reports of Subcommittee of the Central Investigating Committees of the House and Senate, the Third Session of the Thirty-Fifth Legislature of Texas*, 1918, p. 252.
4. Conversation with one of the North Carolina County Road Gang Captains during the spring of 1923.
5. Texas Subcommittee Report of 1918 (as above), p. 252.

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6. *Ibid.*, p. 274.
7. Report of the Penitentiary Investigating Committee as printed in *House (Texas) Journal*, July 30, 1921, p. 206.
8. Charges in *Macon Daily Telegraph*, Macon, Ga., June 2, 1922.
9. *The Second Annual Report of the State Board of Public Welfare of South Carolina*, 1921, p. 99 and p. 105, and *Report of State Board of Public Charities and Corrections of South Carolina*, September, 1918, p. 39.
10. Open letter to Mr. R. E. Davison by J. Christie printed in *Macon Daily Telegraph*, May 26, 1922.
11. Letter quoted in editorial, Feb. 11, 1923, *Macon Daily Telegraph*.
12. *Social Problems of Alabama*, 1918, p. 57.
13. *Second Annual Report of State Board of Public Welfare of S. C.*; 1921, p. 104.
14. *The Bulletin of the N. C. State Bd. of Pub. Welfare*, First Quarter, 1923, p. 16.
15. *State Board of Pub. Welfare* (as above), 1921, p. 101.
16. *Ibid.*, p. 98.
17. *Ibid.*, p. 94.
18. *Ibid.*, p. 107.
19. *Ibid.*, p. 115.
20. *Ibid.*, p. 108.
21. *Bulletin N. C. State Board of Charities and Public Welfare*, March, 1923, p. 105.
22. *State Board of Charities and Corrections of South Carolina*, September, 1918, p. 39.
23. *Ibid.*, p. 38.

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24. *Report of Subcommittee of the Central Investigating Committees of the House and Senate, the Third Session of the Thirty-fifth Legislature of Texas, 1918*, p. 206.
25. *Ibid.*, p. 271.
26. *Macon Daily Telegraph*, Feb. 11, 1923.
27. From a prisoner in the Criminal Colony No. 2, Jackson, Louisiana, dated Dec. 22, 1922.
28. *Macon Daily Telegraph*, Feb. 11, 1923.
29. *Report of the Subcommittee of the Central Investigating Committees of the House and Senate, the Third Session of the Thirty-fifth Legislature of Texas, 1918*, p. 279.
30. Report of the Penitentiary Investigating Committee as printed in the *House Journal*, July 30, 1921, p. 207.
31. *The Macon Daily Telegraph*, Feb. 11, 1923.
32. The State Prison in Arkansas.
33. "It looks almost like a crime against civilization and humanity for the State of Texas to permit twenty or more violently insane prisoners—white men, negroes, Mexicans and others—to be confined in one large cell in the same prison house with prisoners who are sane." P. 237 of 1918 *Report of Subcommittee of the Third Session of Thirty-fifth Legislature of Texas*.
34. *The Bulletin of the North Carolina State Board of Charities and Public Welfare*, March, 1923, pp. 16-17.
35. Report by Legislative Investigating Committee as printed in the *Macon Daily Telegraph*, June 13, 1922.

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36. Report of Subcommittee of Texas Legislature (as above), 1918, p. 281.
37. Report of Penitentiary Investigating Committee as printed in *House Journal*, July 30, 1921, p. 207.
38. *Second Annual Report of the State Board of Public Welfare of South Carolina*, 1921, pp. 112-113.
39. Letter by William Petrich printed in the *Macon Daily Telegraph*, May 31, 1922.
40. *The Second Annual Report of the State Board of Public Welfare of South Carolina*, 1921, p. 114.
41. *The Bulletin of the N. C. State Board of Charities and Public Welfare*, First Quarter, 1923, p. 15.
42. Report of Penitentiary Investigating Committee as printed in *House Journal*, July 30, 1921, p. 206, and p. 266 of *Subcommittee Report of Third Session of Thirty-fifth Legislature of Texas* (as above).
43. Report of the Penitentiary Investigating Committee as printed in *House Journal*, July 30, 1921. "We find convicts attempting to escape or engaged in mutinies are sometimes killed, and the testimony is by no means conclusive that said killings were necessary or justifiable" (p. 206).
44. The Constitution of South Carolina, Section 19 of Article I, reads, "Corporal punishment shall not be inflicted."
45. "We recommend that in the future the prison commission abide by the law of the State in the performance of its duties," Prison Investigating Committee report as published June 2, 1922, in the *Macon Daily Telegraph*, and *Report of Subcommittee of the Central Investigating Committee of*

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24. *Report of Subcommittee of the Central Investigating Committees of the House and Senate, the Third Session of the Thirty-fifth Legislature of Texas, 1918*, p. 206.
25. *Ibid.*, p. 271.
26. *Macon Daily Telegraph*, Feb. 11, 1923.
27. From a¹ prisoner in the Criminal Colony No. 2, Jackson, Louisiana, dated Dec. 22, 1922.
28. *Macon Daily Telegraph*, Feb. 11, 1923.
29. *Report of the Subcommittee of the Central Investigating Committees of the House and Senate, the Third Session of the Thirty-fifth Legislature of Texas, 1918*, p. 279.
30. Report of the Penitentiary Investigating Committee as printed in the *House Journal*, July 30, 1921, p. 207.
31. *The Macon Daily Telegraph*, Feb. 11, 1923.
32. The State Prison in Arkansas.
33. "It looks almost like a crime against civilization and humanity for the State of Texas to permit twenty or more violently insane prisoners—white men, negroes, Mexicans and others—to be confined in one large cell in the same prison house with prisoners who are sane." P. 237 of 1918 *Report of Subcommittee of the Third Session of Thirty-fifth Legislature of Texas*.
34. *The Bulletin of the North Carolina State Board of Charities and Public Welfare*, March, 1923, pp. 16-17.
35. Report by Legislative Investigating Committee as printed in the *Macon Daily Telegraph*, June 13, 1922.

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36. Report of Subcommittee of Texas Legislature (as above), 1918, p. 281.
37. Report of Penitentiary Investigating Committee as printed in *House Journal*, July 30, 1921, p. 207.
38. *Second Annual Report of the State Board of Public Welfare of South Carolina*, 1921, pp. 112-113.
39. Letter by William Petrich printed in the *Macon Daily Telegraph*, May 31, 1922.
40. *The Second Annual Report of the State Board of Public Welfare of South Carolina*, 1921, p. 114.
41. *The Bulletin of the N. C. State Board of Charities and Public Welfare*, First Quarter, 1923, p. 15.
42. Report of Penitentiary Investigating Committee as printed in *House Journal*, July 30, 1921, p. 206, and p. 266 of *Subcommittee Report of Third Session of Thirty-fifth Legislature of Texas* (as above).
43. Report of the Penitentiary Investigating Committee as printed in *House Journal*, July 30, 1921. "We find convicts attempting to escape or engaged in mutinies are sometimes killed, and the testimony is by no means conclusive that said killings were necessary or justifiable" (p. 206).
44. The Constitution of South Carolina, Section 19 of Article I, reads, "Corporal punishment shall not be inflicted."
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the House and Senate, Third Session of the Thirty-fifth Legislature of Texas, 1918, pp. 268, 227, and 236, "We are constrained to believe that in some instances the Commission has knowingly disregarded the law."

46. Mississippi.
47. Alabama.
48. Quoted by H. H. Hart in *Social Progress in Alabama*, 1922, p. 29.
49. *Ibid.*, p. 49.
50. *Ibid.*, p. 50.
51. H. H. Hart, *Social Problems in Alabama*, 1918, p. 51.
52. South Carolina.
53. A County Warden in Alabama.
54. Dr. Carrie Weaver Smith, Gainesville, Texas.
55. Letter from a woman prisoner dated Dec. 22, 1922, Criminal Colony No. 2, Jackson, La.
56. Perryman Committee report as published in *Macon Daily Telegraph*, Macon, Ga., June 2, 1922, and the following from Report of Joint Legislative Committee to Investigate Conditions at the State Penitentiary of South Carolina," published 1923 in Columbia, S. C., page 46. "There is no limit, as far as we can find, to any of these punishments. Their severity is left entirely to the will of the Captain of the Guard. As many as forty-seven lashes have been administered to men and twenty-five to negro women. (White women are not whipped.) Women and men are stripped naked to the waist, men are sometimes entirely naked. The women have their arms placed in

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stocks while being whipped. Men whipped in the death house are laid face down on the table used to lay out dead bodies after electrocution, they are held in place by guards or trusties who hold their wrists and ankles, and by a stick placed across the neck, the ends of which are held down by the assistants. Men whipped in the basement of the hospital building have their wrists handcuffed and secured above their heads to a ring in the wall. The whipping strap used for the women is a duplicate of that used for the men;— a piece of smooth, pliable harness leather about a quarter of an inch thick, two inches wide and twenty inches long secured to a round wooden handle ten inches long. This punishment is inflicted by the Captain of the Guard in person or by one of his assistants. It is difficult to determine just how severe the floggings are. The Captain of the Guard states that the skin is not broken. There is testimony that one of the women spit blood after a recent whipping and has not worked since; and we heard evidence that men have lost consciousness under the lash. A trusty who works out of doors 200 feet from the women's building testified that he could hear not only the cries for mercy of the women undergoing punishment in their second story barracks room, but that he could hear and count the stroke of each lash on the bare back. Floggings in the death house can be heard in the nearby main cell house. Those in the upper stories can count the strokes as they are administered in the whipping room in

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the basement of the hospital building. One negro woman was put in the stocks, her back bared and whipped for breaking ranks and picking a flower in the prison yard. In brief, there can be no doubt that the floggings are often very severe."

57. State Prison of Louisiana.
58. Letter from former Superintendent of the State Penitentiary at Columbia, S. C.
59. Selected from the listed offenses of the prisons of Louisiana and Tennessee.
60. As printed in the *Macon Daily Telegraph*, March 23, 1923.

CHAPTER IV

1. Joseph T. Holleman in Atlanta, Ga., *Constitution*, Sept. 27, 1914.
2. *Ibid.*, "They are bought and sold as they were before the Civil War. They are traded in by court officers and owners of the big plantations in almost every county in the state. Their fines are so arranged that the big plantation owners can pay them and take them out of jail and get more value in service than they have paid in fines to the court officials."
3. *Ibid.*, "Cotton farming can be done by any sort of poor white tenant and any sort of an ignorant negro."

Bulletin University South Carolina, No. 102, 1921, p. 72: ". . . a man practicing this system becomes so absorbed in this crop that he eventu-

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ally comes to the point where he knows how to raise no other crop than that one . . . it results in depressed mentality, not only of the individual but of the whole community of which he is a part."

4. *University of North Carolina Extension Bulletin*, Vol. ii, No. 9, "Home and Farm Ownership"; *North Carolina Club Year Book*, 1921-1922, pp. 9-10.
5. *Child Welfare in Tennessee*. An Inquiry by the National Child Labor Committee for the Tennessee Child Welfare Commission Under the Direction of Edward N. Clopper, Ph.D. Published by the State of Tennessee Department of Public Instruction, 1920, p. 340. "In the one-crop section the average tenure in the poor land community was only six months."
6. "How Farm Tenants Live," by J. A. Dickey and E. C. Branson. *University of North Carolina Extension Bulletin*, Vol. ii, No. 6, November 16, 1922. The University of North Carolina Press, p. 21.
7. *Bulletin University of South Carolina*, No. 103, October, 1921, pp. 35-6.
Child Welfare in Tennessee, 1920, p. 343: "Borrowing is almost confined to one-crop communities." "*Rural Children in Selected Counties in North Carolina*," by Frances Sage Bradley, M.D., and Margaretta A. Williamson, *Bureau Publication* No. 33, Washington, Government Printing Office, 1918, p. 21.
8. *University of N. C. Extension Bulletin*, Vol. ii, No. 9, p. 110.

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Child Welfare in Tennessee, 1920, p. 345.

Bulletin University of S. C., No. 102, 1921, p. 85.

9. Joseph T. Holleman, *Atlanta Constitution*, Sept. 27, 1914.

10. *Child Welfare in Tennessee*, 1920, p. 344.

11. Joseph T. Holleman in *Atlanta Constitution*, Sept. 27, 1914.

University of N. C. Extension Bulletin, Vol. ii, No. 9, 1921, p. 16: "It hinders the effectiveness of political development because tenants are not interested in the ballot. They are indifferent to social and political development. Many never vote because they move too often to be allowed to vote. They have little incentive to use the ballot."

12. *Ibid.*, p. 21.

13. *U. S. Census*, 1920, Chapter 3, Vol. v., p. 124.

14. *University of N. C. Extension Bulletin*, Vol. ii, No. 9, 1921, p. 9.

15. *U. S. Agricultural Census*, 1920.

16. *University of South Carolina Weekly News*, March 2, 1922.

17. *University of N. C. Extension Bulletin*, Vol. ii, No. 9, 1921, p. 9-10.

18. *U. S. Census*, 1920, Vol. v, Chapter 3, p. 128.

19. *Bull. Univ. S. C.*, No. 102, 1921, p. 70.

20. "How Farm Tenants Live," *N. C. Univ. Bull.*, Vol. ii, No. 6, Nov. 16, 1922, p. 23: "They are cursed with the restless foot of the Wandering Jew. They lack a sense of responsibility for community morals, law and order."

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21. *University of N. C. Extension Bull.*, Vol. ii, No. 9, p. 22: "They are strangers, sojourners and pilgrims always on the move. We cannot blame them, however, for they are always seeking to better their condition."
22. "How Farm Tenants Live," p. 13.
Child Welfare in Tennessee, 1920, p. 341.
23. *Rural Children in N. C.*, Government Printing Office, Washington, 1918, p. 23.
24. "How Farm Tenants Live," p. 23.
25. Joseph T. Hollerman, *Atlanta Constitution*, Sept. 27, 1914.
26. "How Farm Tenants Live," p. 22.
27. *Ibid.*, p. 22.
28. *Child Welfare in Tenn.*, 1920, p. 329: ". . . the tenant parent has only his labor against the owner's land and labor . . . consequently a younger group of children are called upon to assume the burden of making a living. Especially is this true in one-crop sections. Here it is very frequently the case that the number of acres apportioned to a tenant is determined by the number of children he has."
29. *University of N. C. Extension Bull.*, Vol. ii, No. 9, 1921, p. 22: "The reason that North Carolina ranks so high in illiteracy is because of the abundance of farm tenancy. It has become a proverb that tenancy and illiteracy go hand in hand."
30. *Child Welfare in Tenn.*, 1920, p. 340.
31. "How Farm Tenants Live," p. 27.
32. *Child Welfare in Tennessee*, 1920, p. 371.
"How Farm Tenants Live," p. 35.

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33. *Ibid.*, p. 22.
Univ. of N. C. Ext. Bull., Vol. ii, No. 9, 1921-22, p. 52: "They move so often they lose interest in accumulating household goods, kitchen utensils and domestic animals. It is too much trouble to move them, they say."
34. *Ibid.*, pp. 13-14.
Child Welfare in Tennessee, 1920, p. 341.
35. *Ibid.*, p. 368.
"How Farm Tenants Live," p. 14.
36. *Ibid.*, p. 36.
Child Welfare in Tennessee, p. 363.
37. *University of N. C. Extension Bulletin*, Vol. ii, No. 9, 1921-22, pp. 145-146. "'No, we don't go to no church, and the children don't go to no Sunday school nuther. We ain't been here very long; we don't know nobody yit; nobody ain't ast us to go. Besides, we ain't got no clothes that's fitten, and no money to put in the hat, and where we kaint pay, we don't go.' This is what the white tenants said to us in Robeson County where nearly three-fifths of all the farmers, black and white, are croppers, or crofters as the Scotch say."
38. "How Farm Tenants Live," Branson, *University of N. C.*, 1922, p. 31: "Even the bootleggers fringe the outskirts of the crowds and not infrequently ply their trade within the curtilage of the churches."
39. *Rural Children in N. C.*, Government Printing Office, Washington, 1918, p. 42.
University of N. C. Extension Bulletin, Vol. ii, No. 9, 1921, p. 53.

NOTES

40. *Child Welfare in Alabama*: An Inquiry by the National Child Welfare Committee under the Auspices and with the Co-operation of the University of Alabama. Edward N. Clopper, Director, 1918, p. 11.

Child Welfare in Kentucky: An Inquiry by the National Child Welfare Committee for the Kentucky Child Labor Association and the State Board of Health under the direction of Edward N. Clopper, 1919, p. 28: "In view of the studies of Goldberger and others of the U. S. Public Health Service it seems likely that its (pellagra) control will come largely through education. At the present time it appears where the schools are very poor. It is believed that proper diet will prevent pellagra. At any rate the appearance of the children in these communities suggests that their food is seriously lacking in elements that should be supplied to growing children."

CHAPTER V

1. Thomas Nelson Page, *The Negro: The Southerner's Problem*, pp. 213-14.
2. *Bran, the Iconoclast*, p. 24, Vol. i; Hertz Bros., Waco, Texas.

